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PUBLIC SCHOOLS, GREENVILLE, OHIO
TO TRAIN FOR GOOD CITIZENSHIP
TREATY CITY
1795
1914
MUSIC
ART
COMMERCIAL
LIBERAL ARTS
HOUSEHOLD ARTS
1918
1919
THE CHIEF

The Chief

Published by The Senior Class
of the Greenville High School

With the Aid and Assistance of the
Students of the Greenville
High School

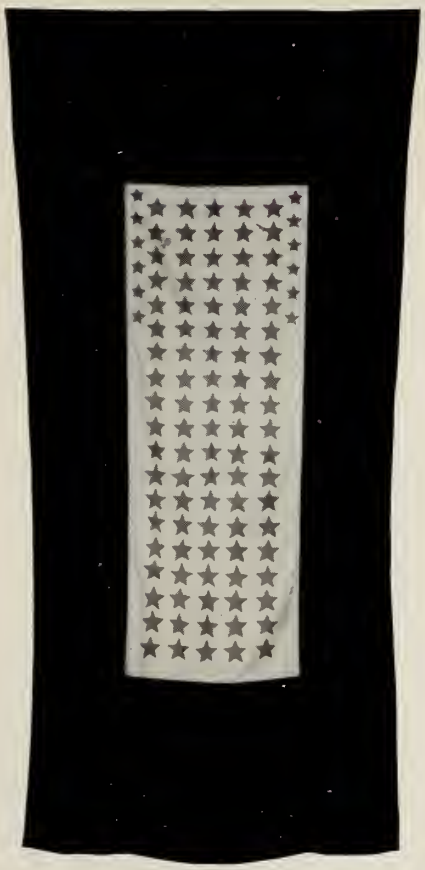
VOLUME VIII

MAY 1918

Allen County Public Library
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

: : : : Dedication : : : :

THIS volume is dedicated to the soldier boys who have gone forth from our High School to fight the battles of their country for freedom and lasting peace.



Made by the Domestic Science Department.

FELLOWS THAT ARE IN THE U. S. SERVICE THAT ATTENDED G. H. S.

Warren Husted
Don Merrill
Walter Jeffries
Roland Gilbert
Russell Gilbert
Chalmer Brown
Joe Martz
Leo Nelson
Herbert Vance
Francis Grise
Chester Menke
Otto Longenecker
Griffis Eidson
Willard Eidson
Roll Markwith
Roll Culbertson
Harry Kirby
Anderson Snorf
Ben Ream
Glen Hartzell
Robert Craig
William Klinger
Orison Browder
Frank Stevens
Howard Yount
Virgil Reppeto
Frank Clear

Earl Moore
Charles Clemens
Paul York
Lowell White
John Eyer
Dick Turner
Glen Shultz
Herber Burns
Earl Whiteley
Ben Hur
Howard Weaver
Erk Cottrell
Mat. Hunter
Lolyd Culbertson
Charles Sackett
Harold Teegarden
Chester Teegarden
Harry Minnich
Jay Wright
Walter Coombs
Ed. Livingston
Homer Haynes
John Meeker
Claude Payne
Russell Whitesell
Robert Meyers
Perry Hall

George Kuntz
William Hunt
Dan Ryan
Zachary Lansdowne
Lewis Foutz
David Gaskill
Gladden Searle
Chester Goens (dead)
Elwood Hough
Joyce Hough
Albert Casanova
Ora Lantz
Ben Dills
Eugene Ketcham
Heber Fitzgerald
Roy Jamison
Joyce VanLue
Clarence Patty
Bob Mannix
Verne Pearce
George Sando
Guy Warner
Victor Schell
Fred Holzapfel
Virgil Roland
Fern Fowble
Fred Gauvey

Joe Eikenberry
Herschel Krickenberger
Glen Martin
Webster Reck
Ted Dorman
Geo. Mannix
Wilbur Oda
Geo. Keefauver
Clifford Craig
Clark Mote
Clifford Bayman
Ralph Lockett
Ralph Dunkle
Robert Kinkead
Charles Diveley
Luther Mikesell
Dr. Arthur Gunckel
Dr. James Morningstar
Carl Daubenmire
Carl Wright
Albert Renz
Ward Stoltz
Paul Mackley
Clyde Stephens
Harry Hall
Elmer Mong
Frank Dunham

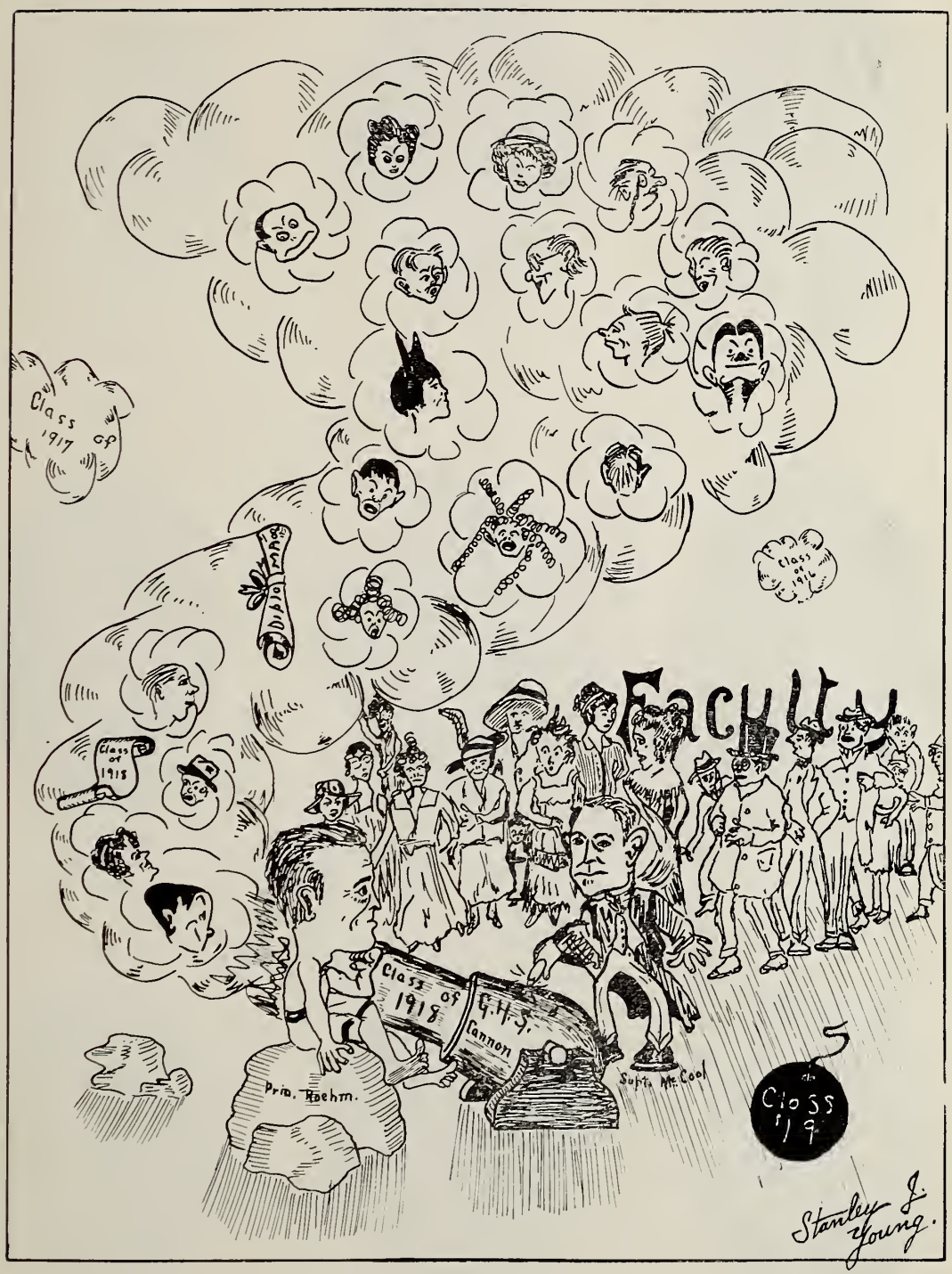
Foreword.

FOR the past seven years it has been the custom for the Senior Class to edit "The Chief." This year the honor has fallen upon the Class of '18. The hearty co-operation of every member of the High School has aided in The Chief's publication. Great credit should be given to the advertisers who have given their loyal support. We have endeavored to bring to the reader a feeling of High School life and the memories of G. H. S. If we have accomplished this we feel repaid for our effort.

In this crisis of the world's history when every effort of the American people is to help win the World War we feel it our duty to put out a War Annual.

The call has gone out across the country to stand by the government. It has come to our High School. Without an exception every one has responded. We are all ready to stand by the "Great Chief," President Wilson. So with this idea foremost we present to you The Chief of 1918.

James Emerson Thomas.



FORT KNOWLEDGE.

The Faculty

EVELYN ROBERTS
Music

MYRA SWISHER
English

ANNA BIER
Art

FREDERICK ROEHM
Principal

MINOR McCOOL
Superintendent

HARRY C. METZGER
Physics and Chemistry

FLOYD G. BEAM
Athletics and Manual Training

GRACE COWLES
Household Arts

EDNA KIDWELL
History and English

EUGENIA TROUT PATTERSON
Latin and Spanish

D. H. WHEELER
History

ALICE WINGER
English and Mathematics

MABEL E. BRINDLEY
Phys. Tr. and Household Arts

W. D. STERRETT
Mathematics and Science

HELEN H. CALDWELL
Commercial Department

G. A. McCLEARY
Mathematics

LELIA B. BRINDLEY
English

J. W. GOWDY
General Science and Latin

The Annual Staff

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Art Editors	Stanley Young Marie Pearce
Organization Editors	Kate Warner Olive Pierce
Athletic Editors	Bloice Davison Walter Gilbert Agnes Altick
Humor Editors	Bernard Menke Ralph Vance Paul Halladay
Staff Secretary	Mary Warner
Typists	Purl Warner Flora Thomas Ina Beanblossom Norma Powell

Class Reporters

Freshman	Harvey Rush
Sophomore	Alice Kimmel
Junior	Amba Armbruster

THE CHIEF'S STAFF

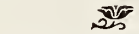
(Try this on your piano.)

Editorial

WAR.

TO the soldiers of our country we owe our highest praise. The heroes who are going forth when the tide of youth is full, are marching away from those they love. Mothers are giving those who are nearest their hearts. Sweethearts are giving those they love. Some are giving brothers and all are giving friends to the great cause of humanity. The old veteran of other wars who has a son, is giving him to that cause for which he fought. The husband is bidding his wife goodbye perhaps for the last time. They are marching away to the shell swept plains and there are fighting the battles for their country. Under the flags of freedom they are offering their last full measure of devotion for democracy.

Amid the cries of dying and the scream of shot and shell they are living their last few moments. The peace of death comes over them. They lay at rest upon their mother earth, upon the fields their blood made free, beneath the quiet of the sky. The world may live on beneath the starry flag of freedom; they are at rest. Our liberty, our lives, our country rests upon the soldiers who are laying their lives on the altars of their countries. Ages may pass, but the memories of those heroes will live as bright and full and fair as the unclouded sun. JAMES EMERSON THOMAS.



RETORICALS

VARYING to some extent the plan of previous years in regard to rhetoricals, a new system was instituted this year, whereby each class presents a program especially fitting some particular season. The occasions chosen for these entertainments were: Thanksgiving, Christmas, Lincoln's Birthday and May Day. We were favored in being allowed the use of the Memorial Hall for this purpose.

The benefits derived from rhetoricals are numerous. Those participating are especially benefitted, as they are given training for future life. It is a great asset to be able to appear before the public and retain your equilibrum. There are times in everyone's life when he would be glad if he were able to get on his feet and express his true sentiments in a few well-chosen words. Where could this ability be better developed than in the High School?

But even if only a limited number may derive the specified value from rhetoricals, each member of the school profits by them. Here in G. H. S. where pupils are seated in seven different assemblies, the entire school is seldom brought together, and it is necessary, in order to develop enthusiastic school spirit, that the High School should assemble at times.

What times are more appropriate than those chosen for the rhetorical programs? As we know "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." One of the important features of this work is the entertainment it provides. It puts a new spice in the school work to know that something special is being prepared. A new interest is awakened in the school as a whole.

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Then what could produce more class spirit, more loyalty and co-operation among the members of a given class than just such a rhetorical program? Each person feels a certain interest and responsibility in the program which his class produces, and is ever ready to do his utmost too make it a success.

So, we see that these rhetoricals are helpful as well as entertaining, and hope that they shall continue to produce the same enthusiastic response as in in the past years.

RUTH WEISENBARGER, '18.

OUR PLEDGE

THE call has come. Ten million young men have stepped forward in a body to the defense of the naiion. In times of peace we think of the armies as composed of veterans--men mature, stern, self-controlling, invincible. Not until war is upon us, and on every hand we see young boys answering the call and donning the army uniform, do we realize that armies are made up of those who are little more than boys, uniformed immature, their characters still in the making.

Greenville High School is proud that we now have boys who have made this sacrifice and are fighting for us and our country. The question which we must now ask ourselves is: Are we worthy of the sacrifice, the trust and confidence which these boys have placed in us? The man must be dead of soul to whom the war does not present a mighty moral challenge. It arraigns our past manner of life and our very civilization. It gives us a new angle of observing, a new point of view, a new test of values. It furnishes a possible moral judgment by which we can weigh our life in the balance and see where we have been found wanting.

To these American boys who have gone to war in order that democracy and the free institutions, which we now enjoy, may continue and be forever freed from the threatening menance of Autocracy, we pledge our loyal support.

PAUL DOUGLASS '19.

SCHOOL VISITATION

ONE of the unreasonable questions which attract the attention of the people of today is: "Why do people not get acquainted with their home institutions?"

About the plainest proof of this can be seen in reference to the Public Schools of this city. These are only too glad to open their doors to the public, in order to let them know what we are doing. However, it seems that the people feel as if they were not wanted to investigate the workings of the schools. Very few people really understand the school system here in Greenville.

To remedy this defect the school authorities have instituted a "Visitors' Day." This has caused the people to become a little more interested, but it is not enough.

People of Greenville and vicinity are urged to visit the schools, both the grades and High School, any time they are able to do so and as often as they can. They are the supporters of this institution and should not only take for granted that the schools are being conducted properly, but they should know that the youth of the land is being prepared properly for life's great work.

FLORENCE BYRD '18.

DO YOUR BEST

ON every side we hear the call to the nation's colors, "enlist in the struggle to make the world safe for democracy." But in what can you enlist and in what can I enlist? Possibly neither you nor I can enlist in the forces that shall follow the star-spangled banner into Berlin, waving for a glorious victory. But all of us can and must assist in gaining that victory quickly and surely.

Our government asks us to conserve food. They ask us to eat less wheat, meat and fats, and to use substitutes. Here we may help, for what appetite can equal that of an adolescent? When the Y. M. C. A. campaign was taken up, G. H. S. responded nobly. Also we did not forget to buy Thrift Stamps and Liberty Loans. The girls of the High School are knitting and sewing for the Red Cross. Truly we may say we are trying to "do our bit."

But there is another side, yes, the most important side of all. Our time, our hours, minutes and seconds are ours and what are we doing with them? Time is money and we owe it to ourselves, our school, our friends, to use it wisely. But in this great world crisis it is our patriotic duty, our duty to mankind to waste not a minute of this valuable asset. We must spend it in preparing ourselves to carry on the work which our soldiers are fighting for, to spread liberty throughout the world. It is for us to make ourselves worthy of the Sammies "over there."

LOIS BRUMBAUGH '18.

CLARA BARTON AND THE RED CROSS

THE Red Cross is a society organized to provide relief for the sick and wounded in war. An international conference first met at Geneva in October, 1863, as a result of a movement begun by M. Jean Henri Durant, a Swiss who had been successful in interesting the Swiss Federal Council in the work. Over forty nations have now joined the association. The National Society established in the United States in 1881 was for a long time under the management of Clara Barton. She extended the scope of the relief work and arranged for giving assistance to the needy in public calamities other than war. In 1905 a special act of Congress dissolved the society then existing and incorporated a new organization to operate under government supervision.

Clara Barton, who was the founder of the Red Cross Society in the United States, was born in Oxford, Mass., in 1821, and educated in Clinton. During the Civil War she devoted herself to the care of the wounded soldiers in the battlefield and in hospitals, and was employed by President Lincoln in the search for missing Union soldiers. After the war she lectured on her experiences in the United States and in Europe in the Franco-German war. She became identified with the International Red Cross Society in care of soldiers, receiving at the close of the war the decoration of the golden Cross of Baden and the iron cross of Germany in recognition of her services. This is where our badge of the Red Cross Society of a red Maltese cross on the white background originated. Upon her return to the United States she was instrumental in organizing the American Red Cross Society in 1881, of which she was president until 1904. In 1883, at the request of the United States Senate, she prepared the history of the Red Cross, and the next year she represented the United States in the Red Cross Conference at Geneva, Switzerland.

CLARA BRAND '20.

AFTER SCHOOL WHAT?

We part, perhaps never to meet again. But whatever work we choose as our profession, where ever our lot may be cast, we must win our way to the highest scores obtainable.

There are many advantageous methods of succeeding. Some of us may go to college, others may be offered the opportunity and refuse it, but many others will be compelled to begin their life's work without further education. But whichever route we may travel, whichever path we may choose, let it be sufficient to say, we shall aim to reach the highest and most cherished goals of life; success, prosperity and the pursuit of happiness.

RUTH A. SCHERER '18.

OUR BRIEF EXPERIENCE WITH A SINGLE SESSION.

IN accord with its past reputation of being able to make the best of what was inevitable, during the coal shortage, G. H. S, formed a plan for conserving coal, and yet not diminishing the amount of work accomplished. This plan was to have a session lasting from 7:50 until 12:30 in the morning, eliminating entirely the afternoon session. Of course it changed some of our regular plans. For instance, instead of getting up at 7 o'clock and being at school by 8:30, you were forced to get up at 6 (This, Mr. Roehm says, is good for you) and be at school by 8. Most of us succeeded, and those who didn't, paid the penalty as sinners should, by missing all their recitations. When the 11:30 whistle blew you dreamed of something to eat and your stomach felt hollow. Another whole hour and then some good Samaritan passed you a biscuit or a morsel of candy, which made you feel that school was worth while. When 12:30 came you flocked to the door with visions in your minds of the whole afternoon off or do as you pleased, and a warm dinner, perhaps fried chicken. But when you reached home everyone had eaten and you felt like Cinderella---eating leftovers. NELLIE TURNER '20.

Senior Class Organization

President.....Harry Ward
Secretary.....Ruth Weisenbarger
Vice-President.....James Harding
Treasurer.....Florence Byrd

Who We Are And What We Have Done.

As we look back over our four years in G. H. S., many things emerge from out the dark recesses of our memory. As we retrospect many of these recollections bring forth a smile--others do not. But the majority of these recollections occasion a smile and make us feel proud of the class of '18.

From the time we came into G. H. S. our class was decidedly different. I guess it must be partly because we were the greenest Freshmen, and because we were the most undignified Seniors. Most of the class heretofore graduated have either been musical, athletic or literary, but we are a mixture of all. We have been in everything from flag rushing and book stacking to literary and language societies. We have given our athletic teams support and developed stars. For the last three years our literary and art productions have found a place in the Chief. This year several of our best productions will be seen as you go through our Chief In music we have more than held our own. But we have done many things which might not bear inspection. but what class has not?

However, we have not become egotistical, but everything we have done was for the betterment for G. H. S., so when we cease to be members of G. H. S. and become members of the Alumni we do not want the people of Greenville or the students in G. H. S and the faculty to remember us by our faults, for we all have faults, but to remember us by our good points. We have tried to be a success. Have we? In our own minds we think we have.

HARRY WARD '18.

HARRY WARD

All dressed up in Mong's best fit
Is Harry Ward, a lad of wit;
He's an orator too,
And our President true.
Is he sad? No, not a bit.

JAMES THOMAS

Now "Percy" of orator's fame
Has won for himself quite a name,
He can sure sway a crowd,
Just as soon as he's bowed,
And can bring the poor tightwads to shame

AGNES ALTICK

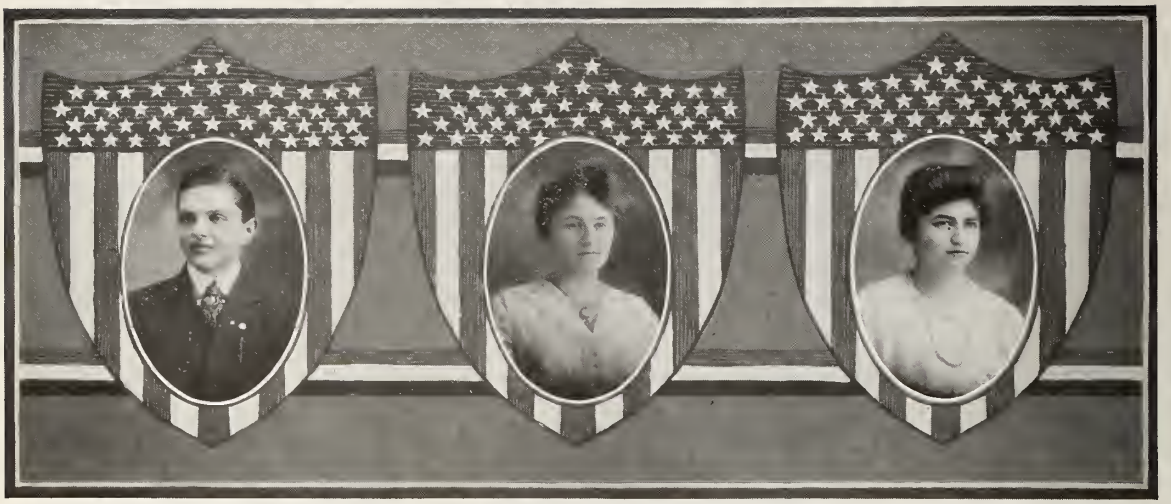
Now Aggie is noted for puns
And she's always in for fun.
In Orchestra she shines
And in Athletics she's fine,
She'll teach Physical Ed. to make "mon."

WALTER BAUER

Walter, a strange little fellow,
Is fond of soft things just like jello;
He uses strong phrases
Which almost amazes
All those that are near by this fellow.

INA BEANBLOSSOM

And Ina a bluffer is she,
She could fool the old man of the sea,
Should the time ever come
When dear Beanie is dumb,
The end of the world, then would be.



LELAND BLACKWELL

A business mind this guy possesses,
A model scholar in all his classes;
His heart is so tender
We'll always remember
That his love ne'er fails for the lasses.

AGNES BOWMAN

Agnes Bowman of blushes divine
Is a good one in most every line,
Her color is red
And the thoughts in her head
Would be classed by Herr Roehm as *sehr fine*.

GRACE BOWMAN

Grace Bowman of orator's fame,
Some day will sure win a name,
By her pieces she could
Wring tears from plain wood,
Or make a wild animal tame.

LOIS BRUMBAUGH

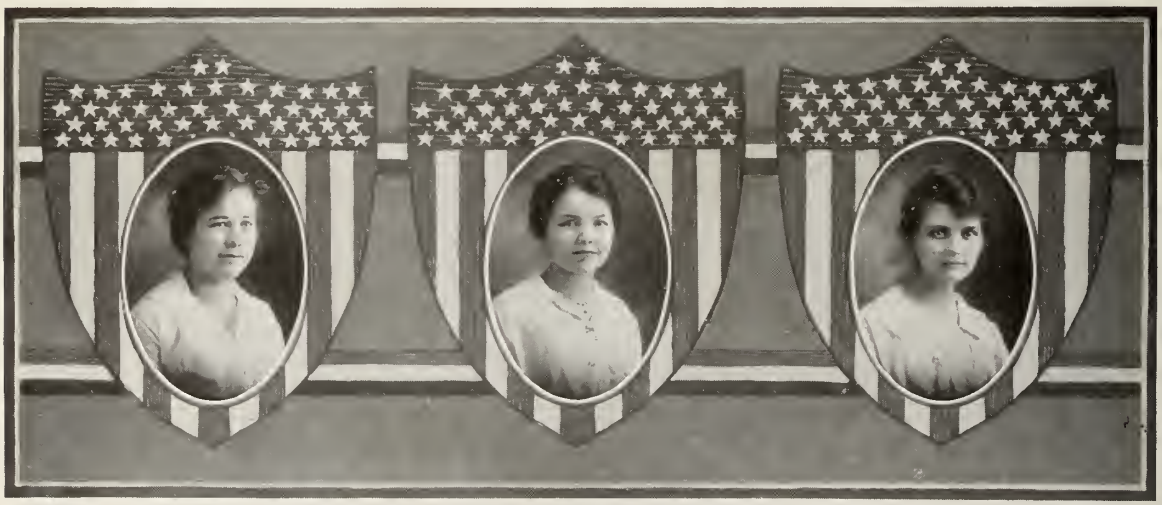
Lois, a blushing lass is she,
Her cheerful smile you always see;
She has quaint ways
On all school days,
Her cheerfulness in our minds will always be.

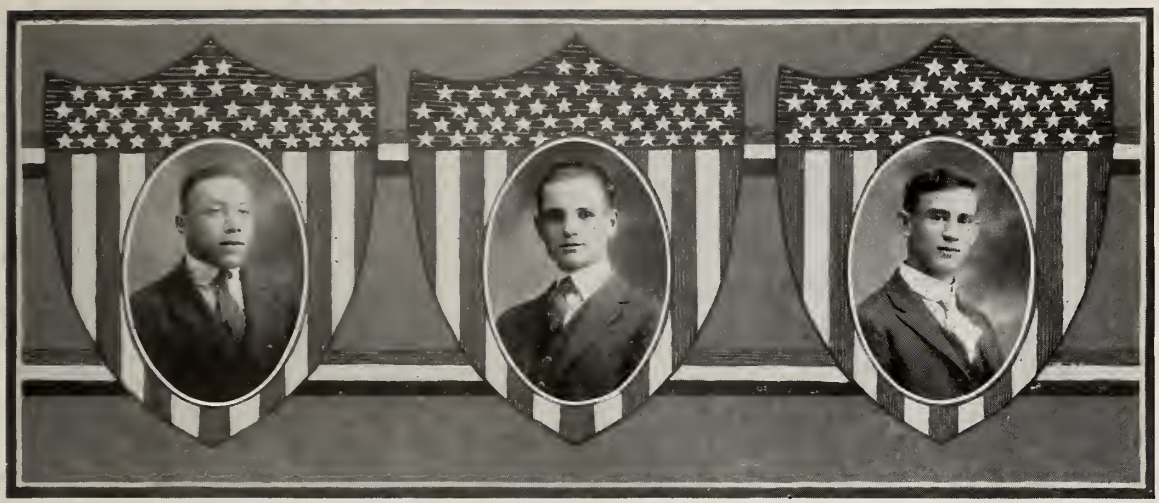
CAROLINE BRYSON

Caroline Bryson, a maid from the farm,
Would to no one do any harm;
She is calm and sedate,
Holds boys second rate
And her quiet ways cause no alarm.

FLORENCE BYRD

Famed for debates we have heard,
This girl, by name of Florence Byrd;
At boys—well indeed,
Their winks she won't heed
And in class she ne'er whispers a word.





CLOY CLEMENS

Ah yes, there's our standby "Cap,"
A clever and chivilrous chap;
In athletics he'll run
Until every game's won
And the crowds for him do wildly clap.

CARL COLE

Now Carl most manfully obeys
All the rules of our school nowadays;
We all know he's there
For loud colors he'll wear,
But love of the lasses won't face.

JOSEPH COLE

Uncle Joe is a Senior so brave,
Of bright colors to sport he does crave,
He's subject to fright
When there's ladies in sight,
Woe be unto this shy country knave.

BLOICE DAVISON

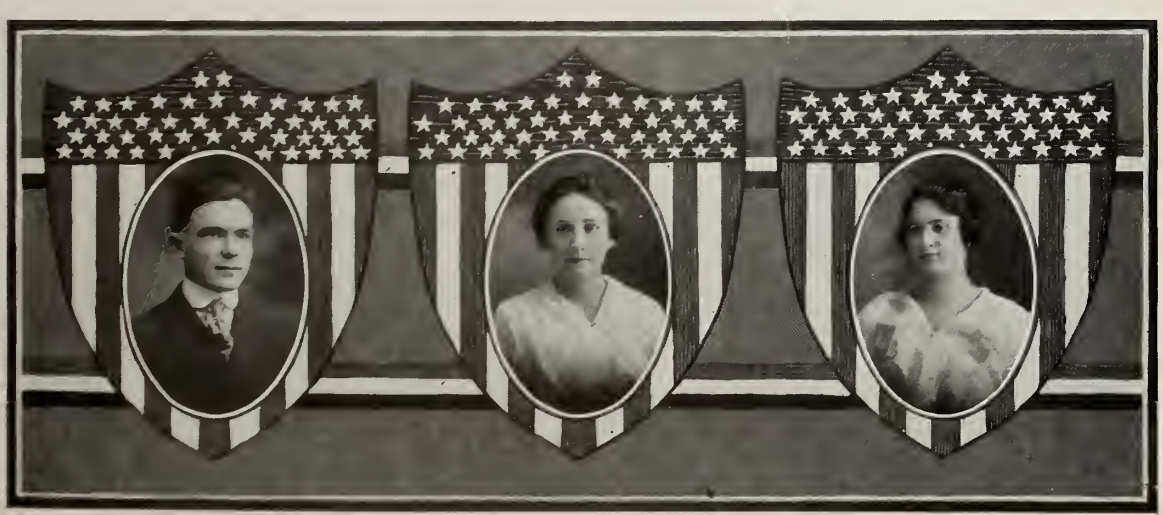
Bloice, never known to be sad,
The best athlete we ever had;
In base ball he's fine,
In basket ball divine,
Indeed he's a remarkable lad.

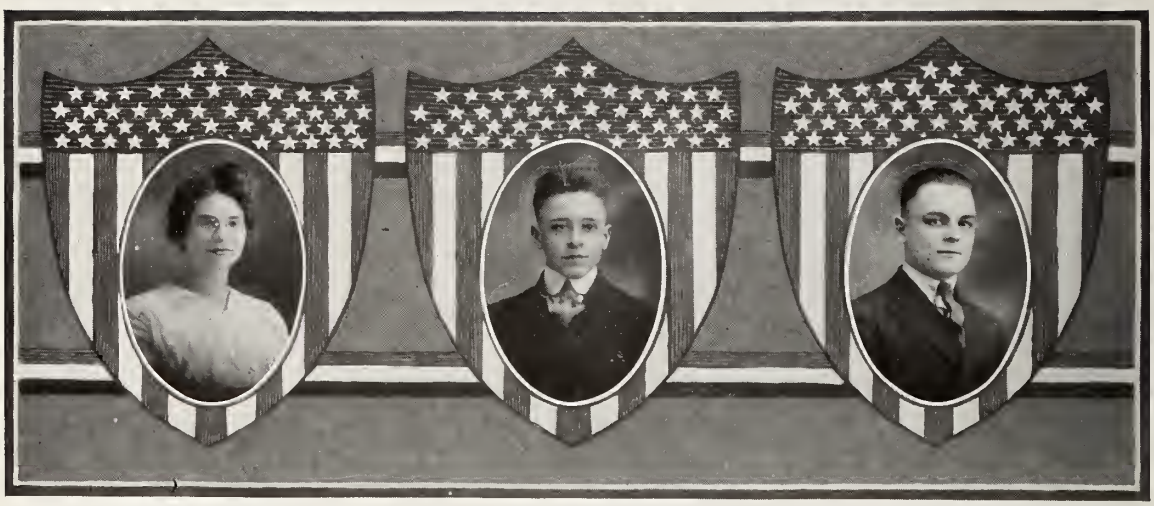
IVA DEETER

Iva Deeter, a Suffragette maiden,
With deep thoughts is heavily laden;
She expounds by the hour
Against Germany's power
And never sits down till she's bidden.

LUCILLE DUNHAM

"Dummy" her nickname we call,
But Lucille doesn't mind it at all;
She can cook a good stew,
She sews a little too,
In athletics she plays basket ball.





FRANCES EATON

Now Frances Eaton is smart,
A lover of books and art,
  She recites every day,
  Get's always an A,
And she still owns her own heart.

RALPH FORD

And there is our "Fordy" so bright,
About five feet seven in height;
  In statute he's meek,
  But each day in the week,
For wit we all know he is bright.

WALTER SAMUEL GILBERT

Walter Samuel is our athlete,
And a jolly good sport is he
  He can laugh at a joke
  When in funds or when broke
And out of school will work like a bee.

PAUL HALLADAY

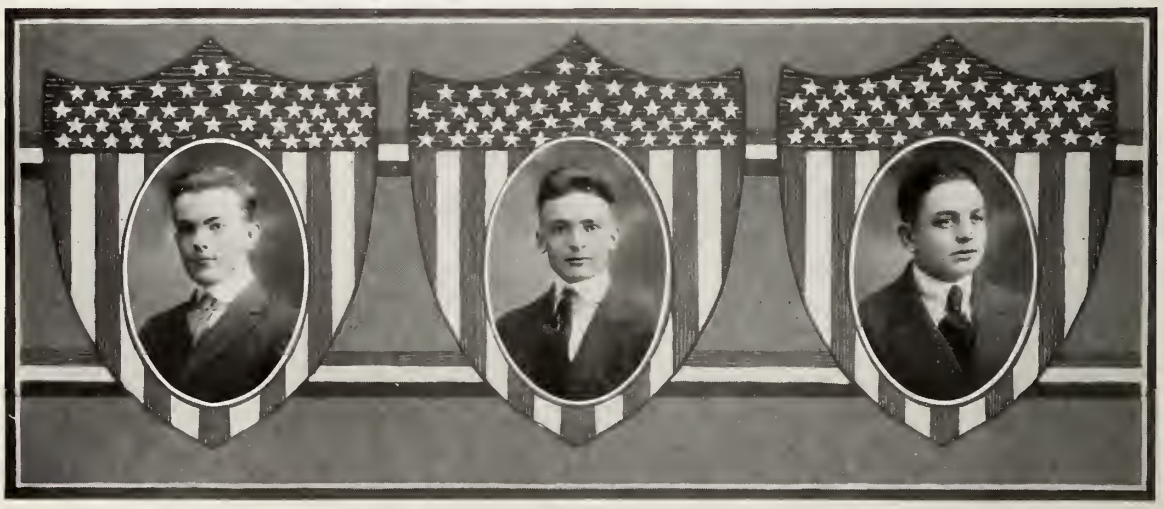
There's Paul the pride of the farm
No lady can cause him alarm,
  He is witty, that's true,
  And original, too.
And he works with his own right arm.

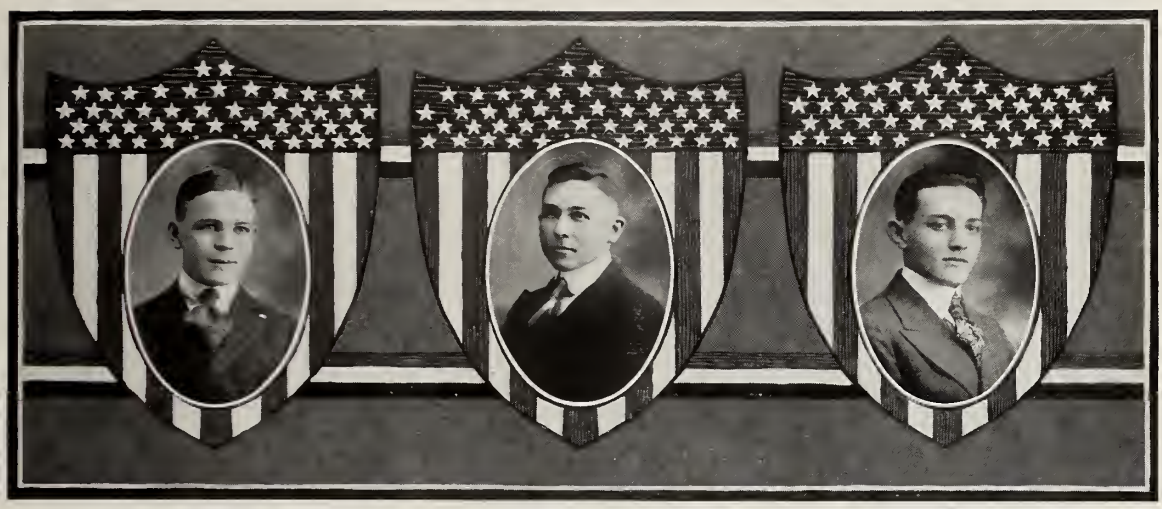
JAMES HARDING

"Jimmie" has been his nickname
His eyes doth sparkle on a dame;
  Our vice-president true,
  Has helped us through,
We predict a life of great fame.

RALPH HUBER

A lad in our class we call "Dutch"
When it comes to a joke or the such,
  His wit will be there,
  With a sarcastic stare,
And his voice will be heard very much.





KEMPER HUR

Our Kemper's a cute little figure,
In his studies you'll fiind him no digger
But with many a dame,
You can't rival his name,
As a dancer he sure is a jigger.

RALPH LEPHART

While Ralph quite short and shy,
And a glance he'll take on the sly,
While a voice soft as air,
None in truth can compare,
For his quaintness you must ask him why.

BURLEY LAURIMORE

Burley was an up town yid.
But had to hustle when a kid,
As a rule he is wise,
As the arguments rise,
For the points are cleverly handled.

LAVERNA LUDY

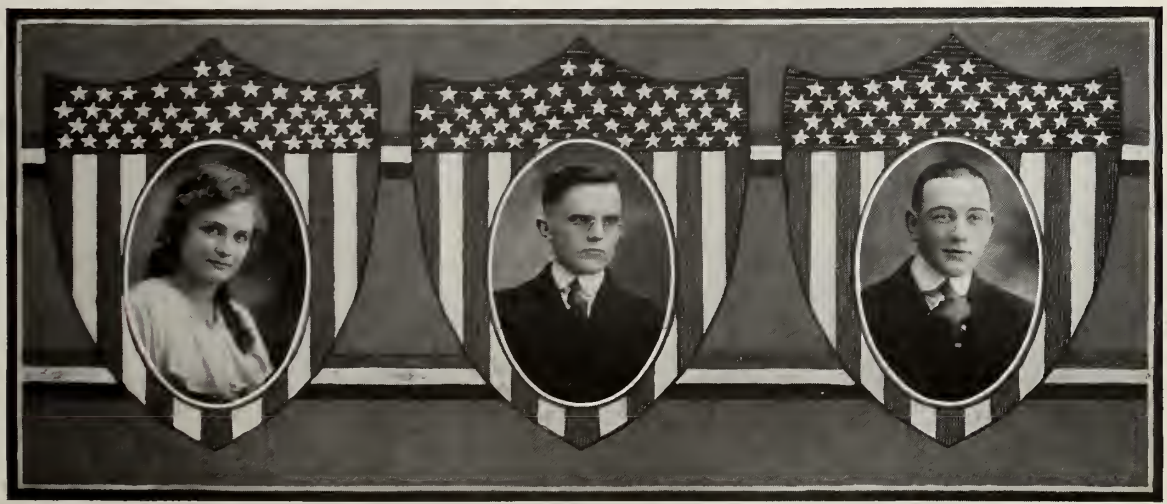
Laverna, a person so shy,
Is afraid to look straight in your eye,
Her face, it is round,
And a blush there is found,
Whenever a fellow comes around.

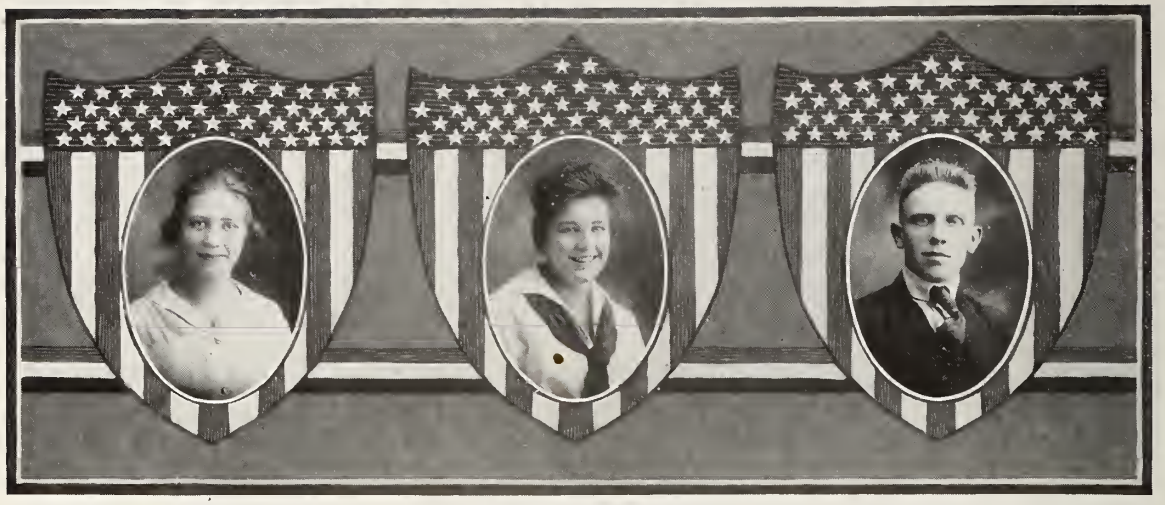
CLARENCE MAHER

And now there's Clarence T. Maher
Most surely a faithful soothsayer,
He's a bachelor by trade,
Enthused by no fair maid,
And a smile you will often find rare.

LAWRENCE MAHER

Now Lawrence with cheeks so red,
Not caused by blushing 'tis said,
He may be slow in his step,
But he's sure full of pep,
By the fair dames he'll not be misled.





BREITA McFERRAN

There was a little girl called "Bee"
Who skipped school the movies to see,
Mr. Roehm caught her,
Of course he "had'nt oughter"
When she thought she was to be free.

ANNA MAE McCLELLAN

Now "Peg" is a maid we all know
You will see her wherever you go,
Her wit it is keen,
She's the poor sick one's queen,
In this, indeed our Peg is not slow.

CLEMENT McCABE

The name of this fellow is "Clem,"
With a look in his eye like a gem;
For his calm easy ways,
No disturbance to raise,
And you'll ne'er on his face find a grin.

MORRIS MENKE

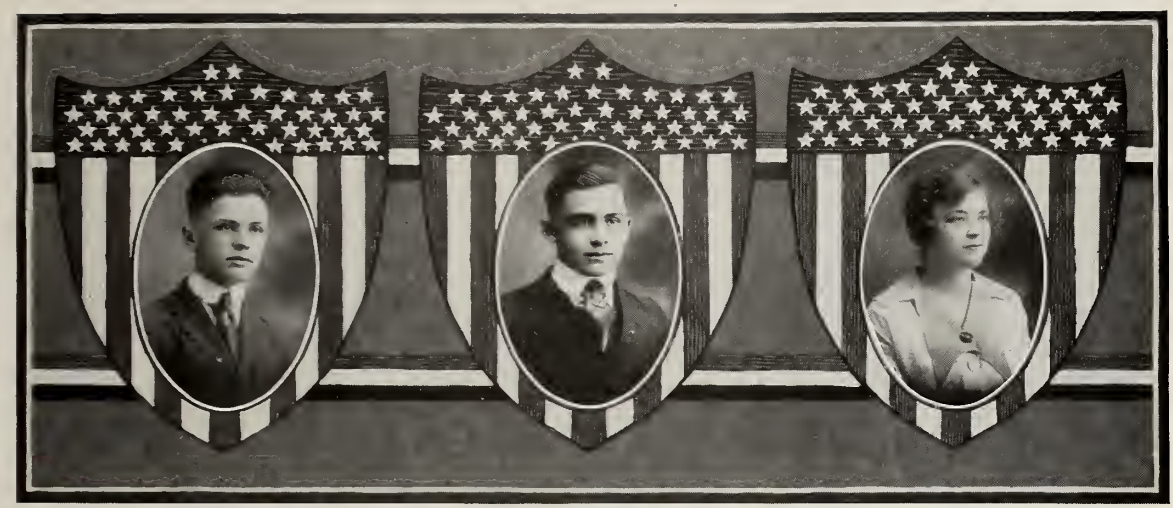
The humor of our class is "Mose"
A chap so brilliant with repose;
He'll win for his fame,
A chemists name,
A prosperous future this boy shows.

WILLIAM MILLER

And "Bill" weighs most 200 pounds,
The nickname of "sugar" renowns;
In athletics shines he,
A wonder he'll be,
If only he makes all his rounds.

ELDA NORRIS

Elda Norris the "innocent" vamp,
Trains boys by her porch rail to camp,
What would happen you say,
If the boys went away,
Why Elda would start out on a tramp.



ROBERT NORRIS

And "Bob" yea so brilliant 'tis said,
E'er his school book is in his head;
He is sure full of wit,
When that spot you have hit,
When his mind off his lessons has fled.

JOHN OLIVER

Now Johnnies are often far famed,
For this they are not to be blamed;
Our John Oliver here,
Is as shy as a deer,
We all hope for the day when he's tame.

MARIE PEARCE

For music can warble some fine,
In a choir she often does shine
She's bashful we know,
And her walk is so slow,
She'll rival great Melba in time.

OLIVE PIERCE

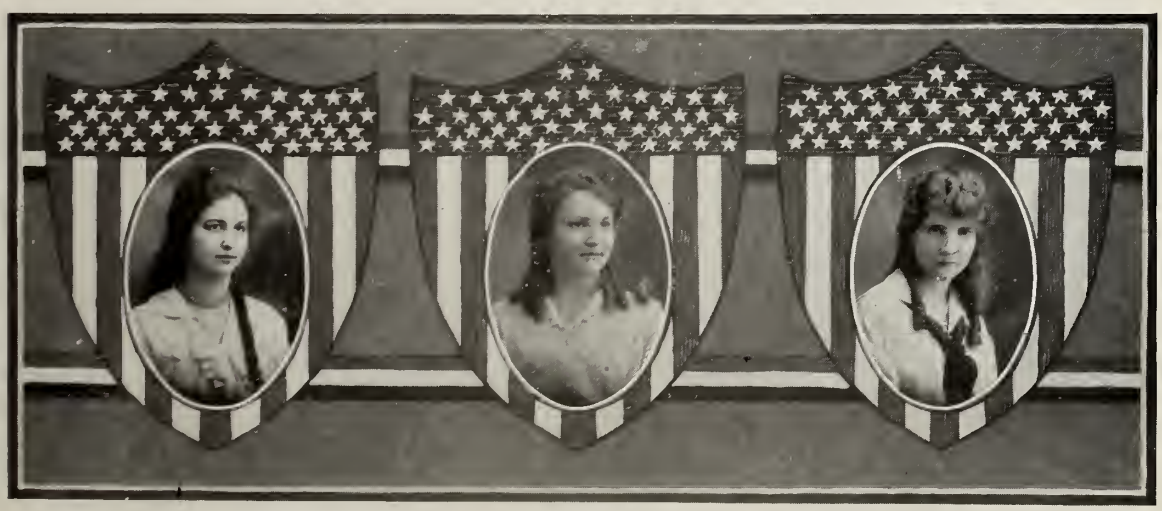
In High School she's done her part,
She is fond of Music and Art,
For future finance
She'll teach Domestic Science,
She'll sure win some man's hungry heart.

GLADYS PERRY

An addition of note to our class,
Is Gladys, a fair blushing lass;
She can talk one to sleep,
When she starts in to preach,
And as a good scout she will pass.

NORMA POWELL

Norma, the child with the innocent stare
And also the curly golden hair;
Who could ever surmise,
Our Goldenlocks with those eyes,
Sipping porridge that belonged to a bear.



THELMA REED

Now Thelma is slender and tall,
Her hair in ringlets doth fall;
She studies afright,
Never misses a night,
She soon will have studied it all.

HELEN RIES

Helen Ries, a fair maid is she,
Vowed an ambulance driver she'd be,
Of the Sammies she's fond,
And she'll go across the pond,
In order the shells and powder to see.

OLIVE SCHELL

There is a girl called "Sis,"
Olive Ann is the name of this miss,
She writes poetry and prose,
Wherever she goes,
And I'm sure she can do better than this.

WILBUR SPIDEL

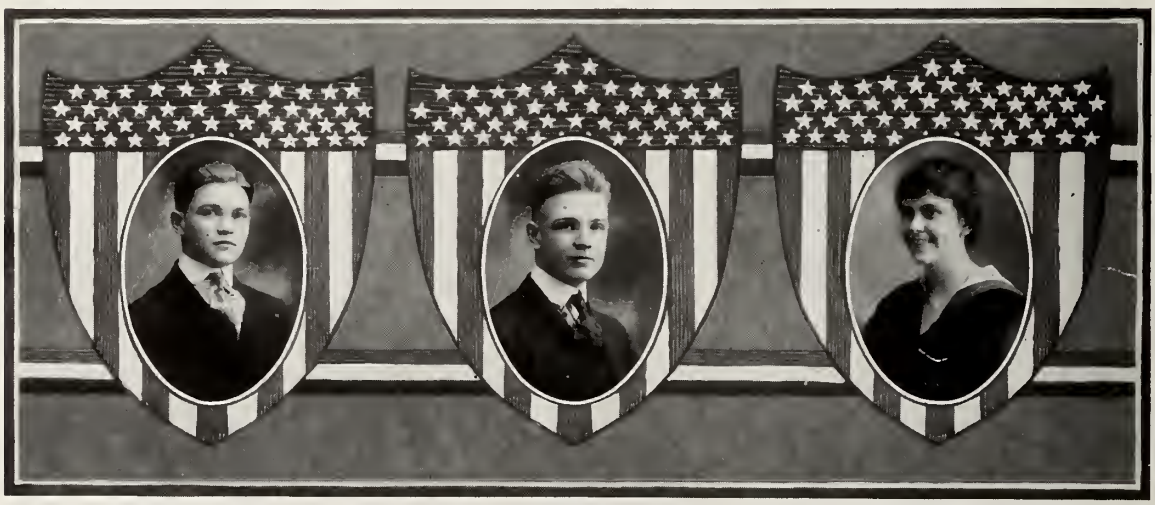
Spidel is a ladies man,
By hard labor he ne'er will tan;
A witty lad is he,
For a joke he will see;
In athletics he is a fan.

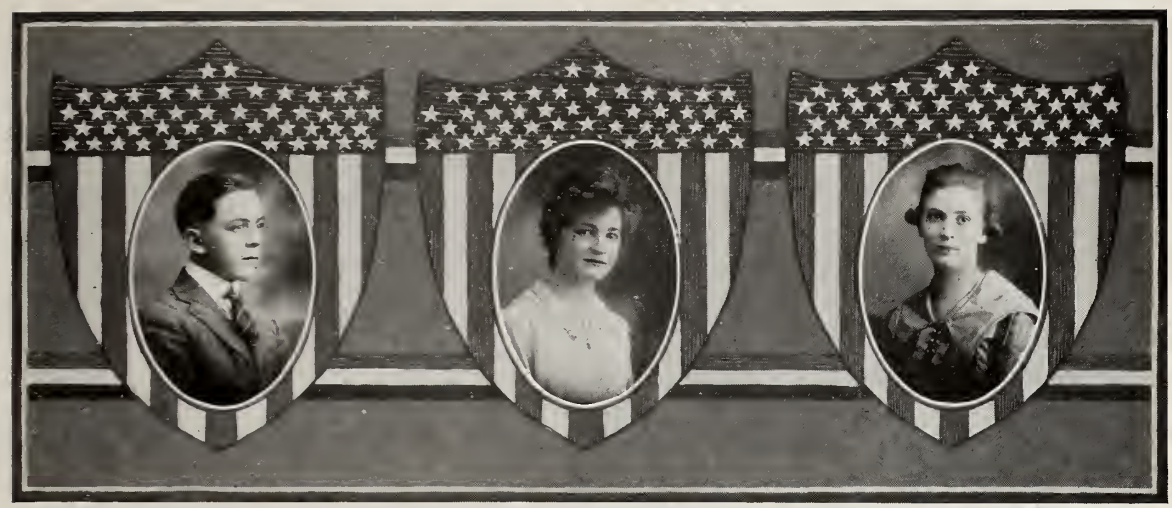
GEORGE SCHMERMUND

As a giggler he holds foremost place,
And there's always a grin on his face,
From the most solemn thing,
Forth a joke he can bring,
No matter whose funeral takes place.

RUTH SCHERER

A young lady to us very dear,
Is one bold Miss Scherer,
Her first name is Ruth,
And we tell you the truth,
We think her disposition is queer.





HARRY STEPHENS

For a man with a mighty will power,
Round the ladies you'll find him quite sour
For them he defies,
While with a glare from his eyes,
Essays he'll write by the hour.

CECILE STOCKER

Now Cecil's a strawberry blond,
Of Gettysburg fellow quite fond,
She'll emit mournful sighs,
When another she spies,
We hope it won't end far beyond,

RUTH STOLTZ

Now Ruthie fair sister of Thad,
Has a smile that makes one feel glad,
She has her little say,
No matter what time of day,
And never makes anyone feel sad.

JOHN STUBBS

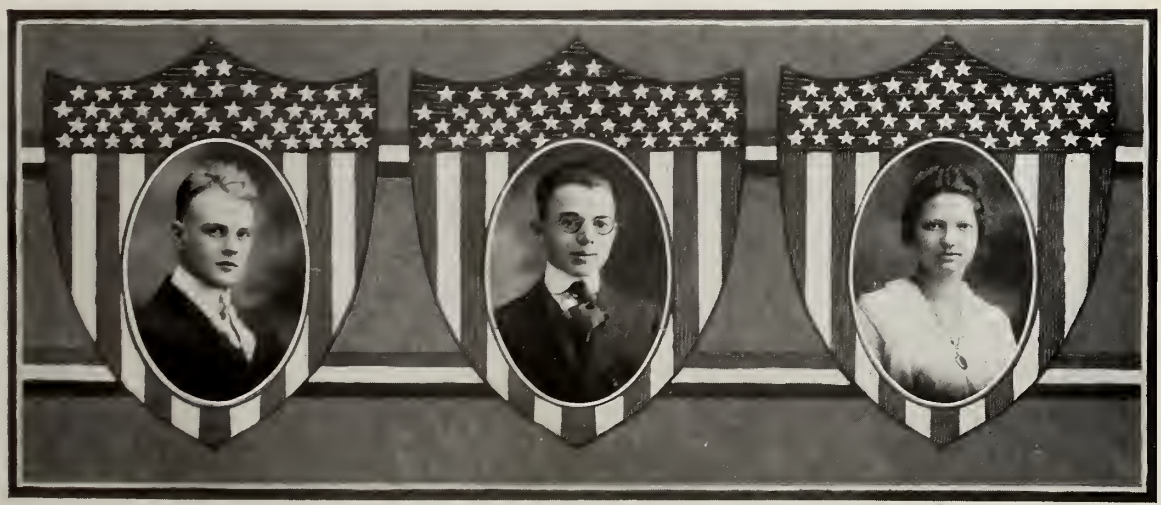
It's strange how some things will win out
As the luck of the all round scout,
He shines in athletics,
He observes all aesthetics,
But shy when the girls are about.

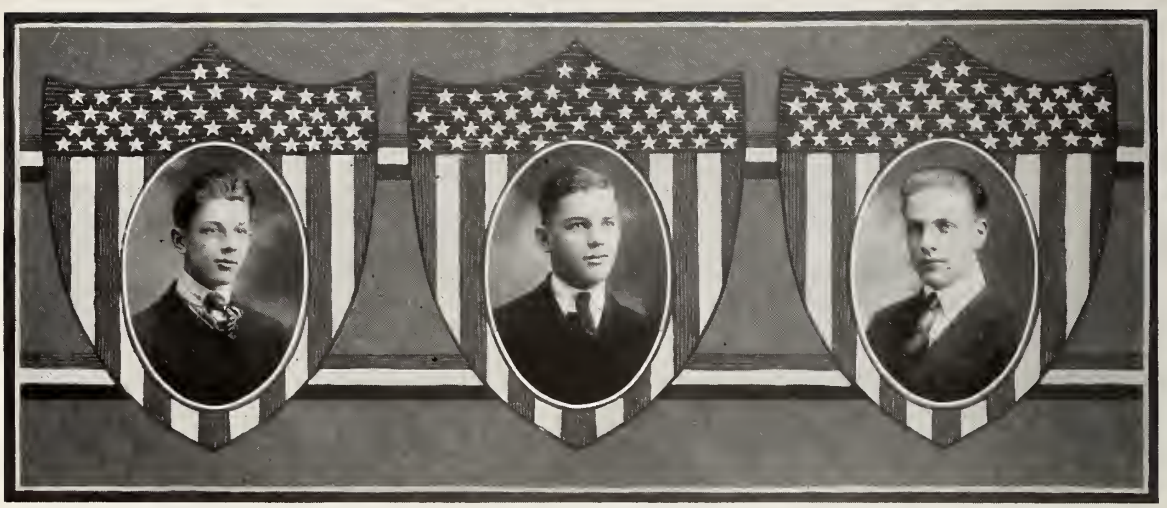
ROBERT SWARTZ

An Athletic dude is Swartz,
He is a prince of all the sports,
He's good in athletics,
And brim in mathematics,
All kinds of energy of all sorts.

FLORA THOMAS

Now Flora most rigid and tall,
Has a voice that is softer than all,
Although neat as a pin,
She is shy of the min,
Exeept when Dale is in call.





EARL UNGERICHT

Earl Ungericht is long like a plank,
On some things he sure is a crank,
We think he'd make good,
If only he could,
Get a job in the First National Bank.

RALPH VANCE

For a lad full of vim and vigor,
See Ralph the Romantic figure,
When he's angry he smiles,
When he's sad he beguiles,
But his enthusiasm is meagre.

HAROLD WAGGONER

Gracious, did you see him smile?
He did it for quite awhile.
And he looked right at me,
As straight as can be,
Can it be he at last caught the wile?

PURL WARNER

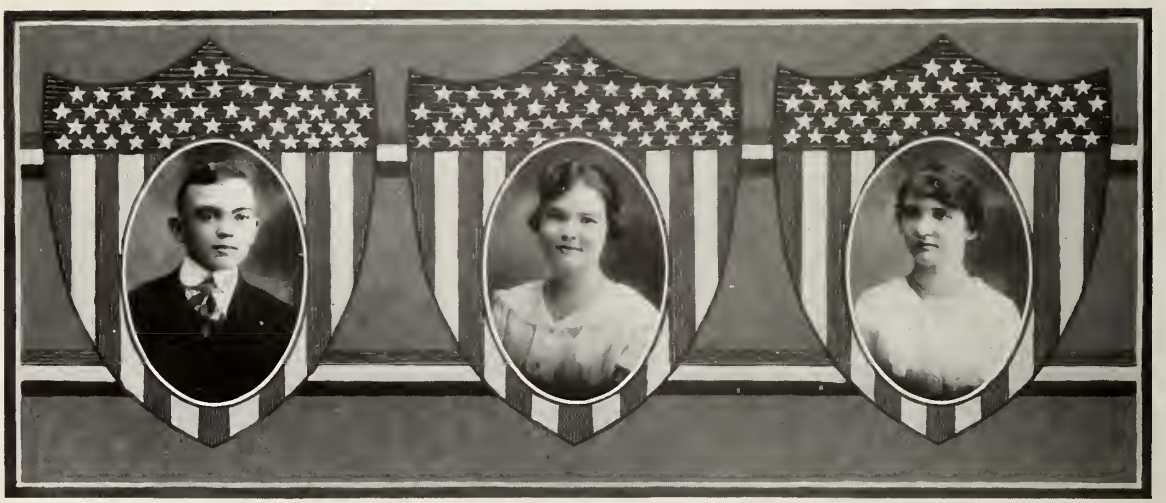
Purl Warner is a typist fine,
Mathematics are right in his line;
Though stature not much,
His ability's such,
Of a long useful life it's the sign.

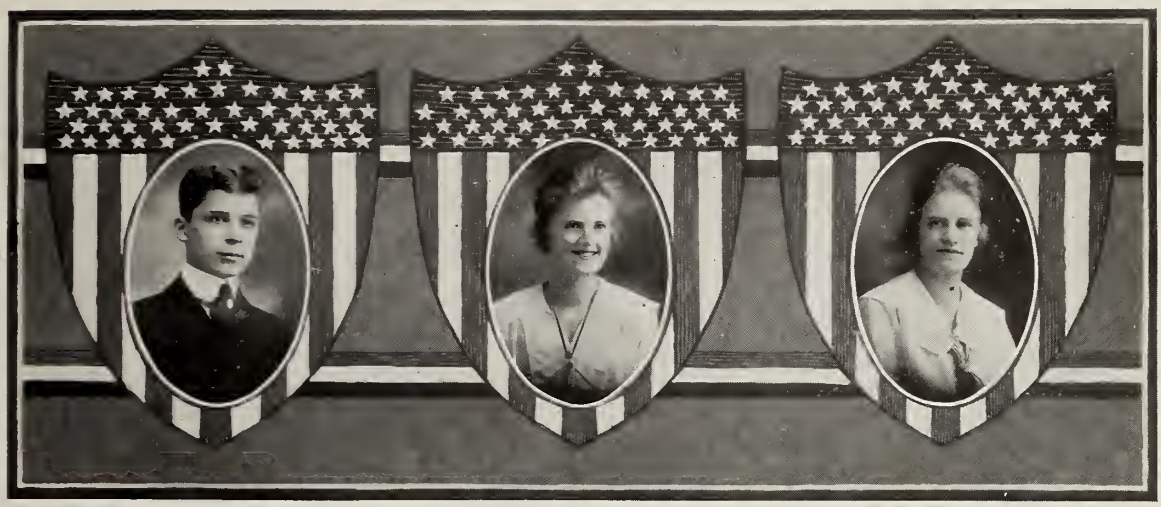
RUTH WEISENBARGER

There is Ruth renowned for her "a's"
Is known to study nights and days;
This missy so shy
Looks at boys on the sly,
But writing notes she says never pays.

VIOLA WEIBUSCH

Now Viola Weibusch in art,
Full nobly has done her part;
In charcoal and pen,
She works just like ten,
This maid with an artistical start.





DOYLE WARNER

Now there's Doyle a bright lad is he,
A wave in his hair like the billowy sea,
In his classes he'll shine,
With all grades of nine nine,
While fair ones say "Doyle come to me."

KATE WARNER

And we have heard here of late,
Of a girl so tall and sedate;
Her sister named Mary
She has a friend Harry,
Who else could it be but Miss Kate?

MARY WARNER

Mary Warner with fingers divine
Makes music that is certainly fine,
In opera same day,
She will make her own way,
Don't I wish such a fate would be mine?

PAUL WILLIAMS

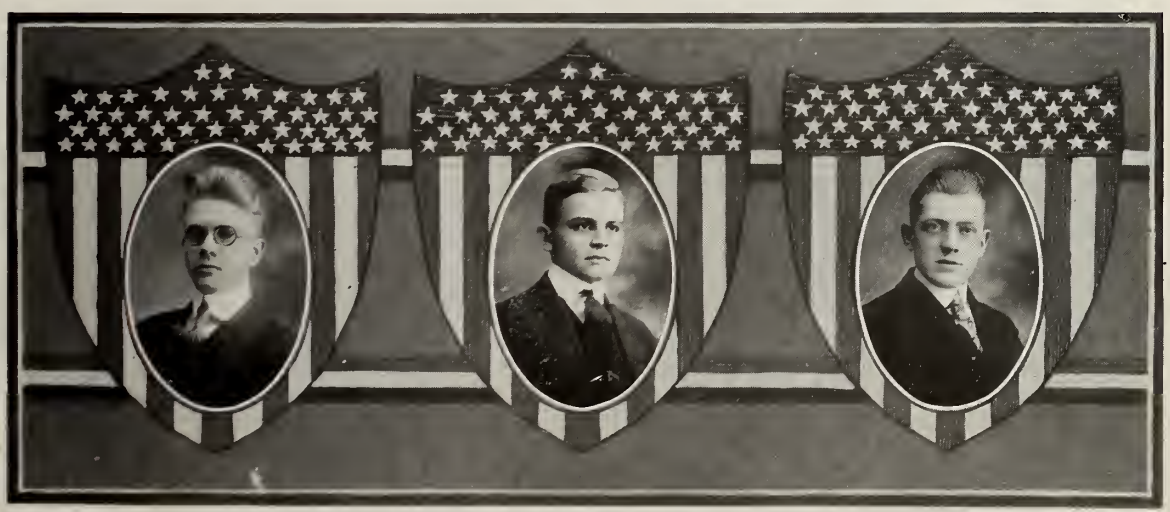
Paul Williams a musical man,
Plays anything anyone can,
He's right there on the flute,
While a banjo's his suit,
And music he'll make on a pan.

DELBERT WILSON

A lad from the country is he,
A youthful little chap full of glee,
When the fair ones are nigh,
He is inclined to be shy,
If only he'd wake up and see!

STANLEY YOUNG

There is a young man in our school
Who is neither a sage nor a fool,
He's got on the scene,
By his queer wireless bean,
And in English he sure is a jewel.



High Grade Paints
Latest Styles
Flora Thomas 3 manikins Brumbaugh Christs
Moneys.
6%
R. Vance
Helen Reis
MAHER
MAHER
R. Norris
Sugar Miller
Spidel
J. HARDING
Cleon McCabe
D. PIRE
P. WEISENBARGER
O. Schell
R. FORD
H. STEPHENS
Pearle W.
LELAND
From JIMMY
House
S. J. Young
POOL BALL
R. Lephart
R. HUBER
Halladay
M. Pierce
C. Cole
E. Unthank
B. LAURIMORE
F. Vance
B. Menke
Percy E. Thomas
Stanley Young
MINOR McCool
H. WARD
K. Warner
B. DAVISON
INA B
IVA Deeter
F. Bird
G. Perry
L. Dunham
Cloy Clemens
M. WARNER
N. Powell
R. Stotts
Foxy Wes
Tom Tipperman
R. SCHWARTZ
PROP.
ROE HILL

Junior Class Organization

President.....George Bowman
Vice President.....Paul Douglass
Secretary.....Esta Schafer
Treasurer.....Homer Booker

Junior Class History

Time has quickly passed and within another year we will leave the gates of the G. H. S. behind us, only in body but not in mind. When we started in as "Freshies" three years ago, we were as a diamond in the rough. The diamond was still dull and had been untouched by skillful hands. But after a few months, through the hard work of the teachers, sparks of brilliancy could be discovered coming from this diamond.

With the beginning of the second year the dullness wore off, and the diamond burst forth into a shower of glistening sparks. And now, in the third year of this diamond moulding, it has become chiselled into one of the most wonderful texture.

There has been but one social event in our class this year, a Hallowe'en party, at the North Building. Although we are not very prominent in social functions, there are many other ways in which we excell, such as music, art, athletics, but above all in dramatic ability. Our class leaped into fame overnight with the production of an Irish comedy, "Christmas at Finnigan's Flat." Much credit must be given Miss Swisher for her untiring efforts to make this play a success.

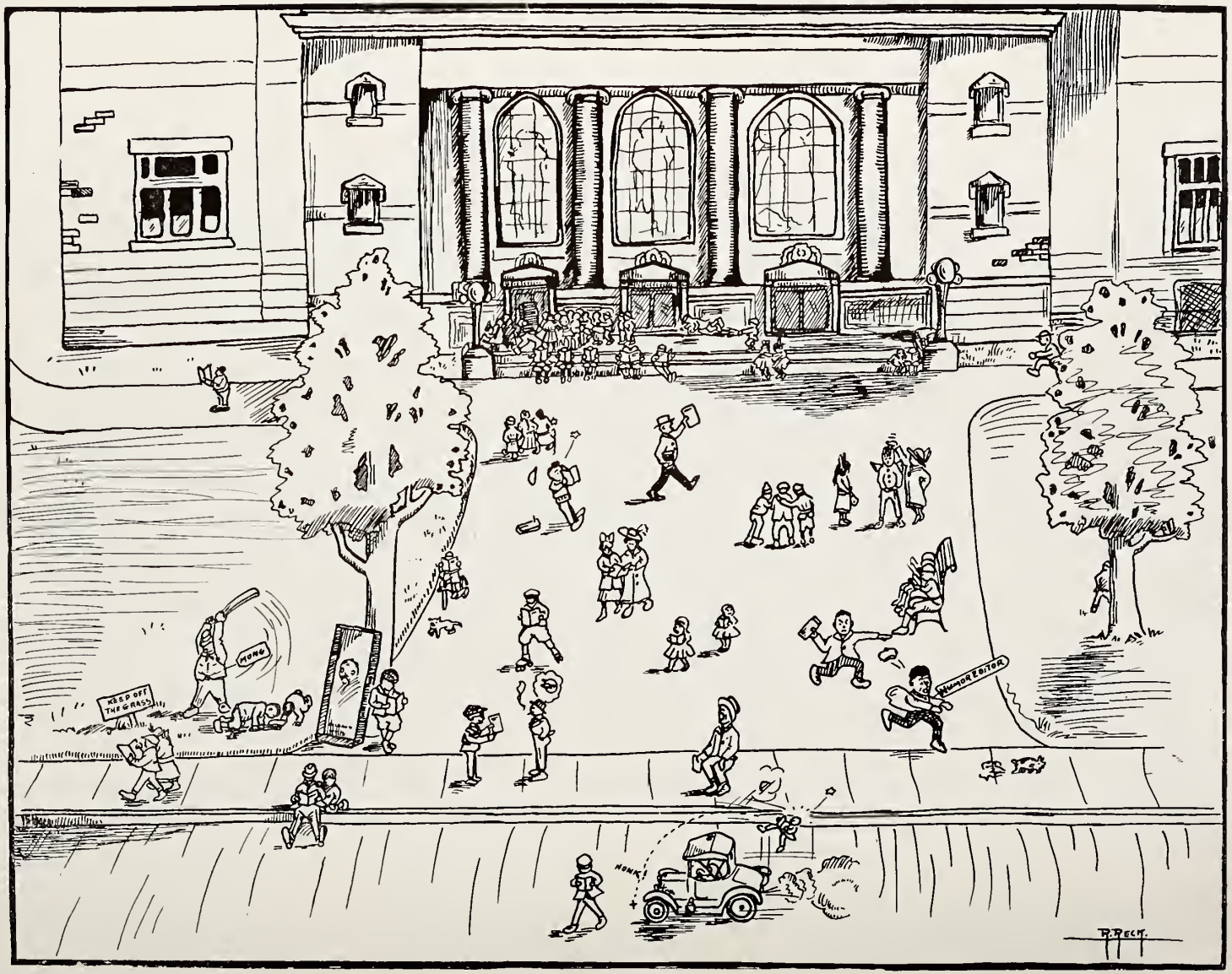
Amba Armbruster '19.

Junior Class Roll

Bailey, Basil
Bailey, Raymond
Birt, Ralph B
Brumbaugh, Jesse
Brooks, James
Booker, Homer
Bolinger, Dale
Butt, Harold
Bowman, George
Douglass, Paul
Gessler, Dorlie
Goens, Aldus
Haworth, William
Holzapfel, Herbert
Katzenberger, Charles
Kemble, V. Ross
Kern, Gilbert
Kurz, Albert
Longenecker, Robert
Martin, Fred
Martin, James
Mathews, Glen
Meeker, David
Mergler, Harry
Meyer, Albert
Miller, Homer
Minnich, Rollin
Neville, John
Peiffer, Lowell
Rayburn, Thomas
Reeder, Clayton
Renz, Andrew
Rogers, Alvah H.
Schafer, Esta
Schmalenberger, Robert
Stentzel, Walter
Stocker, J. Marian
Stoltz, Edwin
Stubbs, Carl
Studebaker, George
Warner, Harry
Wolter, Edward
Young, Ray A.

Allen, Priscilla
Altick, Manetta
Armbruster, Amba Kathryn
Arnold, Alice
Brandt, Alma
Bayman, Dema Caroline
Batten, Thelma
Browne, Elizabeth
Connaughton, Anna
Clew, Helen
Craig, Frances
Crawford, Virginia
Crisler, Mary
Daubenmire, Mary
DeHoff, Mary
Dewyre, Helen
Dickes, Edna
Dunham, Blanche
Folkerth, Ruth
Glessner, Miriam
Katzenberger, Marie
Keener, Rachel
Kolp, Mae Frances
Livingston, Lois
Lucas, Mary
Ludy, Mildred
Lewis, Caroline
Maher, Margaret
Mathews, Loree
Menke, Ruth
Miley, Marie
Moore, Grace
Murphy, Martha
McGreevey, Esther
Neville, Anna
Poe, Marian
Riegle, Virginia
Shade, Lureatha
Schafer, Cora
Schellhouse, Esther
Schmermund, Elizabeth
Slade, Pauline
Smith, Saloma
Stonerock, Esther
Teegarden, Veo
Turner, Opal
Wade, Mary
Warner, Mary
Warwich, Nevo
Werner, Elma
Wogaman, Ethel
Vance, Mary
Warner, Kathryn

JUNIOR CLASS.



ANNUAL SALE.

Sophomore Class Organization

President ..... Fred Place
Vice President ..... Elbert Albright
Secretary ..... Ralph Hahn
Treasurer ..... Sidney Lohman

Sophomore Class History

In the annual book of the school
It has been the editor's rule
To grant us a page,
For our history and age,
For our class is surely a jewel.

As a class we paid toward the rooster,
Which made us a Red Cross booster;
But when the times come
We're all in for fun,
The very same way that we us'ter.

To the Y. M. C. A. we gave fifty;
Don't you think that that sounds rather nifty?
We're a class of renown
And we never turn down
A cause inclined to be thrifty.

In music our class takes its place,
In the arts we lead in the race;
We double our strength
Until at great length
In athletics we're "right about face."

In society, let us relate,
An evening we spent in great state;
At the Albright mansion
Our lungs gave expansion,
When the witches told tales until late.

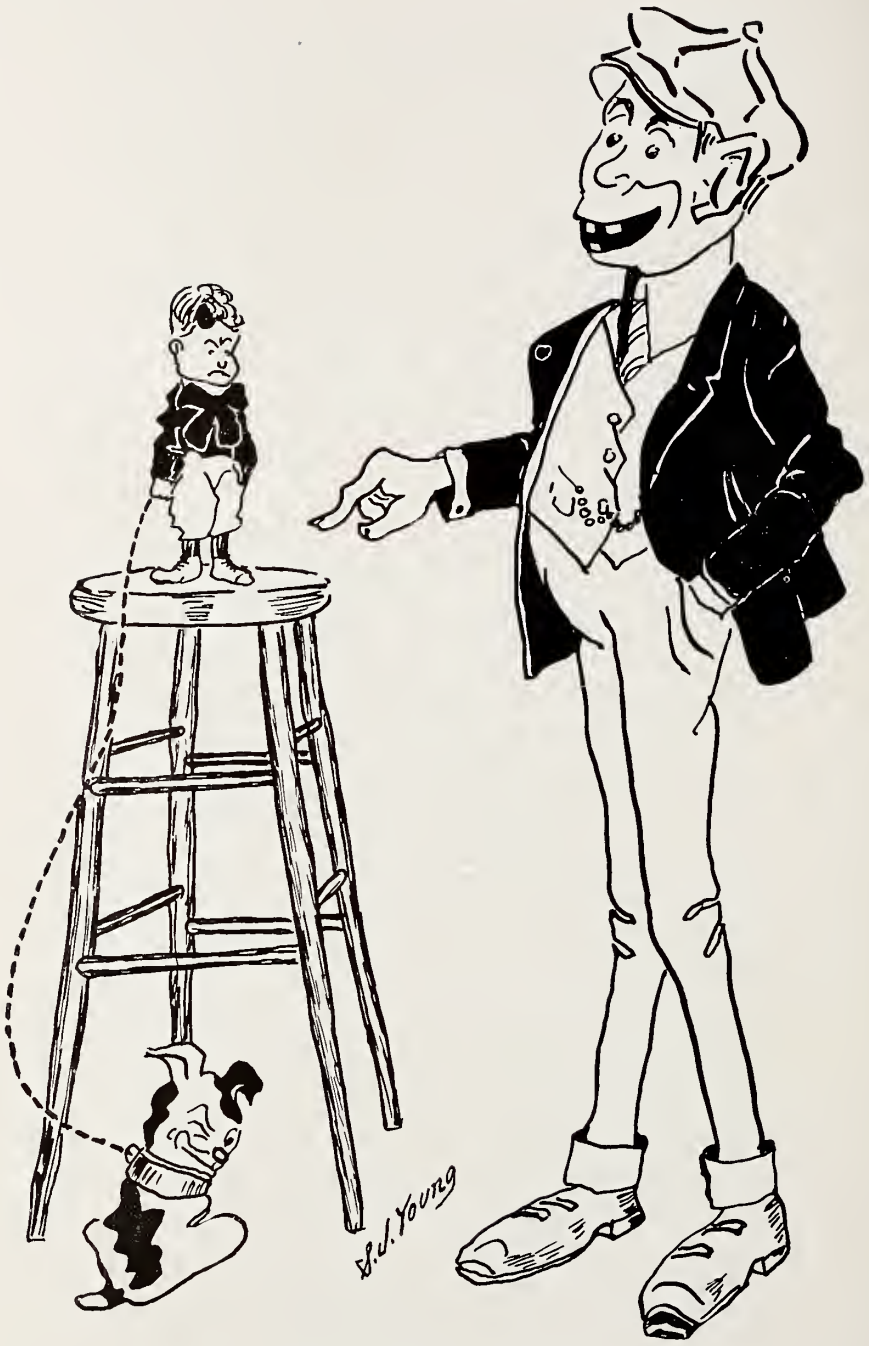
We "Place" our officers' names here,
They are "Albright" and to our class dear;
With "Lohman" and "Hahn"
We've been moving on
Under orange and gray through this year.

Sophomore Class Roll

Albright, George
Albright, Elbert
Baughman, Palmer
Beekman, Virgil
Bickel, Maurice
Coover, Samuel A.
Downey, Charles H.
Emrick, Dwight
Gilbert, Raymond Robert
Hahn, James Ralph
Hangen, Denver Irvin
Harter, John E.
Haworth, Harry Wilburn
Hovatter, Obed
Krickeberg, Wora
Lanick, George
Lohmann, Sidney
Martin, J. E
Martin, John R.
Minnich, Robert
McCabe, George
Neville, John
Place, Fred
Pilliod, Edward
Rayburn, Charles Max
Reck, Robert
Schmalenberger, Clarence
Shepherd, Roy
Skidmore, John D.
Skidmore, Robert B.
Smith, Ernest
Shafer, Lloyd
Stoltz, Dale M.
Swank, Ira
Swinger, Harold C.
Teaford, Arno
Townsend, Vernie
Whitaker, Kemper M.
Williams, Robert
Winters, Harry
Wolverton, Giles

Albright, Mary Helen
Albright, Edith Mary
Arnold, Leona Blanche
Bass, Romania
Brand, Clara
Brand, Esther
Byard, Besse
Calderwood, Winifred
Clopp, Sarah Ann
Coppock, Josephine
Coppess, Marguerite
Curtis, Annabel
Cumrine, Irene
Deeter, Pearl
DeHoff, Helen
Fry, Olive
Haines, Lucille
Hoffman, Helen
Huber, Esther Ruth
Kester, Helen
Kimmel, Mary Alice
Kocher, Mary
Marshall, Irene
Markwith, Margaret Lydia
Mider, Gertrude
Miller, Helen
Pearce, Hope
Reigle, Lillis
Rimer, Florence
Robbins, Pauline
Sarver, Rosella Florence
Roof, Reba
Sellman, Helen
Sellman, Lena
Sheffler, Mildred
Slonaker, Vera
Shultz, Olive Marie
Snyder, Ruth Isabelle
Thomas, Thelma
Stahr, Margaret
Turner, Nellie Kathryn
Ungericht, Selma
Vanata, Mary Helen
Warner, Lillian Kathryn
Warner, Mary E.
Weaver, Eva Mae
Weisenbarger, Velma
Whiteford, Mary
Williams, Ceres
Westerfield, Marline
Wilt, Irene
Winters, Nellie
Wright, Oneta

SOPHOMORE CLASS



FOUR YEARS IN G. H. S.

Freshman Class Organization

President ..... Haessler Kemble
Vice President ..... Robert Ganger
Secretary ..... Paul Martin
Treasurer ..... Robert Kolp

Freshman Class History

In the fall of 1917 this class made its first entrance to the ranks of the G. H. S. Of course we were very green and timid at first, but this soon wore off. After several weeks we became fully accustomed to our surroundings and were permitted to organize.

We chose as our President, Haessler Kemble; Vice President, Robert Ganger; Secretary, Paul Martin; and Treasurer, Robert Kolp -- all of whom have proved to be worthy and efficient officers. Some discussion arose over class colors but we finally decided on silver-gray and old-rose.

Thus far we do not have any men on the regular teams, but several on the various squads look very promising. Our representation in the High School Orchestra is large, being eleven members.

Our school activities have been confined to a very successful Halloween Party at Hickory Top, the home of Dorothea and Lorena Mendenhall. Several more social events have been p'anned and it is hoped that they will be equally successful.

We have three more years ahead of us and we fondly hope that in 1921 the good old silver-gray and old-rose will proudly float over the greatest class that ever sat in the G. H. S. Assembly.

HARVEY D. RUSH '21.

Freshman Class Roll

Altic, Ambert G.
Armstrong, Forest
Bausman, Fred D.
Beck, Howard
Brand, Herman
Bruner, Herald Cletus
Buechly, Robert V.
Boyer, Wilfred
Colville, E. J.
Culbertson, Harry
Demorest, Kendric
Dismeier, Sherlock C.
Dunkle, Simon
Eidson, Francis
Eller, G. Victor
Erisman, Ralph
Ganger, M. Robert
Harp, Clyde E.
Helman, James E.
Hathaway, Robert
Huffman, Orla
Jay, Robert
Jobes, William,
Keller, James
Keller, Ray Alonzo
Kemble, Haessler
Kerlin, Iles
Kolp, Robert
Lamb, Byron
Lammers, Walter R.
Lease, Gilbert
Livingston, Emerson
Maher, Mark
Martin, James
Martin, John R.
Martin, Paul
Murphy, Elvin
Neville, Ernest
Pilliod, Edward
Reed, John
Roof, Kenneth
Rush, Harvey
Schaar, Herbert
Shafer, Lloyd
Scholl, Earl C.
Shepherd, Omer
Smith, Ora
Snorf, James
Steffen, Edward
Stephens, George
Stoltz, Robert
Townsend, Lawrence
Warner, Freeman
Weaver, Edwin
Weisenbarger, Lloyd
Winters, Forest
Winters, Mark
Youst, Paul
Younker, Paul

Althaus, Kathryn
Bethel, Joy
Booker, Lois Lillian
Bolick, Mary Esther
Bowman, Esther
Boyer, Mary
Brown, Edith Blanche
Buchanan, Mary
Calderwood, Mary
Casanova, Catherine
Crowell, Gladys Viola
Coppock, Dorothy
Dickey, Erma Cora
Dunham, Nellie March
Eaton, Dassie Christina
Faust, Frances Virginia
Foust, Hildah
Fox, Opal Marie
Fox, Adah Monon
French Mildred I.
Glessner, Bertha
Hiatt, Alta
Higgins, Mildred
Huffman, Bessie
Hufford, Vera
Hughes, Esther Mary
Jones, Josephine Hope
Johannes, Elenora
Johannes, Helen
Katzenberger, Katherine
Kirby, Katharine
Linnane, Margaret
Lohmann, Lois Elizabeth
Longenbaker, Margarite
Marker, Mary
Markwith, Lucile
Marshall, Blanche Irene
Mendenhall, Lorena
Mendenhall, Dorothea
Miller, Mary
Meyer, Clara
McKeon, Ione Vanata
Pearce, June Tillie Vera
Pierce, Thelma I.
Reigle, Frances Mae
Ross, Sarah Ellen
Swartz, Ruth
Schreel, Reland
Thomas, Elcho
Treber, Thelma Oliva
Throp, Margaret Louise
Vance, Florence Elma
Wilson, Norma Tailor
Weaver, Hazel Martha
Westfall, Mildred Caroline
Whittington, Gladys
Wiebusch, Mary Bess
York, Helen
Young, Thelma

FRESHMAN CLASS.

President.....Kate Warner
Vice President .....Ruth Weisenbarger
Secretary.....Amba Armbruster
Treasurer.....Mary Vance

Story Tellers' Club

THE society spirit is deeply rooted in G. H. S., and among the different clubs we find the girls especially interested in the Story Tellers' Club. Henceforth, just as regularly as Wednesday evening comes around, the Junior and Senior girls may be found in Miss Brindley's room ready to listen or participate in the program of the afternoon.

The chief idea of the club is to instill in each member a liking for good literature and an ability to tell a story in an interesting manner.

However, the members of the club have many good times, for a girls' club can not be completely serious, we are told. Among these good times have been a picnic at the City Park, where we learned to roast potatoes rolled in mud, and a Valentine Party where everyone wrote poetry.

Although our club has not distinguished itself in the annals of the High School, we are hoping for great things from its future members, and we must never forget that great deeds spring from tiny beginnings.

KATE WARNER, '18.

STORY TELLERS' CLUB.

SIBYLLINE CLUB.

The Sibylline Club

THE Sibylline Club is now completing its second year of existence. Fifty-five Latin pupils met in Mrs. Patterson's room on October 11, 1917, to organize the club. The officers for the first semester were elected as follows: Homer Booker, President; Wilbur Spidel, Vice President; Alice Kimmel, Secretary; Olive Peirce, Treasurer. The President appointed a Program Committee consisting of Wilbur Spidel, Chairman, Mary Warner, Velma Weisenbarger, Esta Shafer and Harvey Martin to arrange the programs for the regular meetings. A Social Committee was likewise appointed, consisting of David Meeker, Chairman, Martha Murphy, Helen Miller, Helen Hoffman and George Bowman.

The meetings of the Sibylline Club were held on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, and were greatly enjoyed by all. Although we study and discuss the wars and customs of the ancient Romans we have the patriotic spirit of today. We gave five dollars towards the Red Cross rooster, when it was sold at Henry St. Clair Memorial Hall on November 22, 1917.

The opening social event of the year was a party given at the home of Mary Whiteford on Grey Avenue, December 21. Later, Esta Shafer entertained the club at a St. Patrick's Party at his country home on March 15. Both events were enjoyed by all.

At the beginning of the second semester the second election was held. The President and Secretary were re-elected and the offices of Vice President and Treasurer were filled by Sidney Lohman and Mary Whiteford, respectively.

ALICE KIMMEL '20.

REASONS FOR ABSENCE.

Sociedad Castellana

A NEW organization was introduced into our High School this year, which was the Sociedad Castellana, under the supervision of Mrs. Patterson. The first meeting was held in October, 1917, and the following officers were elected for the term of one semester: Mary Lucas, President; Esta Shafer, Vice-President; Mae Frances Kolp, Secretary, and Bessie Byard, Treasurer.

The meetings were held in the Music Room the first and third Thursday of the month. At these meetings members were selected to give papers telling of the Spanish Customs and Amusements. Generally a musical number was on the program.

The name "Sociedad Castellana" means in English, Spanish Club or Society, and pins were selected to signify the name of the Club.

At the end of the first semester Jess Brumbaugh was elected President; Mary Lucas, Vice-President; Lowell Pieffer, Secretary, and David Meeker, Treasurer.

The social part of the Club was confined to one party held at the home of Mary Lucas on March 1. The Club has been a complete success this year and we hope to continue it in the future.

SPANISH CLUB.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

Director ..... Miss Roberts
Pianist ..... Mary Warner

SOPRANO	SECOND SOPRANO	ALTO
Martha Murphy	Olive Peirce	Anna May McClellan
Nellie Turner	Helen Hoffman	Mary Whiteford
Virginia Crawford	Florence Byrd	Opal Turner
Ina Beanblossom		Amba Armbruster
Kate Warner		

Music

During the year 1917-1918 two Glee Clubs were organized. The girls under the direction of Miss Roberts, and the boys under the supervision of Mr. Sterrett. Under the able leadership of the directors the clubs are rapidly rounding into shape and the quality of their work is equal if not superior to that of any previous clubs. The great aim of these organizations is to display the vocal ability of the High School and to create a liking for good music, thus forming a solid foundation for future clubs. Olive Peirce '18.

BOYS' OCTETTE.

Director ..... Mr. Sterrett
Pianist ..... Ruth Menke

TENOR	SECOND TENOR	BARITONE	BASS
George Studebaker	Lawrence Maher	Albert Kurz	Robert Schwartz
Homer Booker	Wilbur Spidel	Burley Laurimore	Clayton Reeder

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Director ..... .Miss Roberts
Fianist .....Elma Werner

FIRST VIOLIN
Kate Warner
Agnes Altick
Mary Besse Wiebusch
Dorothy Coppock
Homer Miller
Lowell Peiffer
Ralph Hahn
John Reed
Ralph Lammers
Haessler Kemble
Dale Bolinger

SECOND VIOLIN
Cecile Stocker
Esther Stonerock
Thelma Thomas
John Skidmore
Robert Skidmore
John Oliver

CELLO
Reland Schreel

VIOLA
Lois Lohmann

CLARINET
Lloyd Weisenbarger

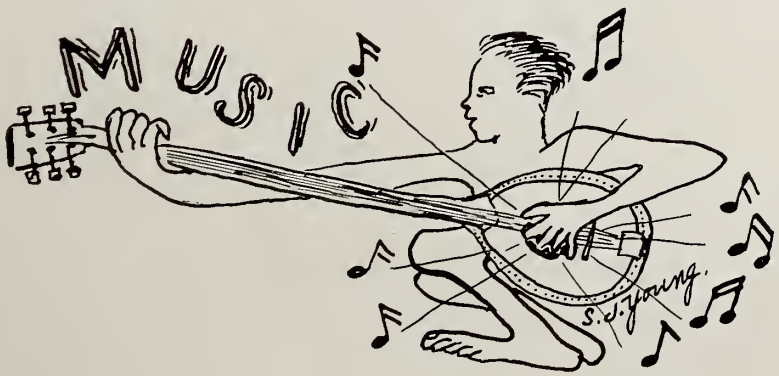
CORNETS
Elizabeth Schmermund
Forrest Winters

TROMBONE
Amba Armbruster
Doyle Warner
Robert Ganger

ALTO HORN
Eugene Helman

FLUTE
Paul Williams

SAXOPHONE
Marion Stocker



Beating the Jews.

KATHRYN ANNE BATES had acquired an age of seventeen consecutive years, and along with the last one a very expensive and most useless habit of collecting antiques. At least, that was the way her father put it. He was never very successful, however, in his attempts to make his unreasonable daughter see things from his point of view, usually a financial point of view. This does not mean that Charles R. Bates, local manufacturer on a small scale, (for everything local was on a small scale), if he had spoken more emphatically, would not have been obeyed. For quite the opposite was true. His orders were carried out to the letter. But so far all protests to the late fad had been in the form of suggestions; and his suggestions were usually neglected, especially when every other girl in town was enthused over the same fad.

Receiving so little encouragement from her father, it must also be expected that she received little means with which to purchase pieces for her collection. This was exactly the case. However, such a small hindrance did not keep her from visiting all the curio shops in town. On every trip to the city she would wander through the shops, drinking in the high priced treasures, which their dusty shelves held. She did, of course, occasionally ask the price of an attractive article and to conceal her gasp would remark as she moved on to the next counter, that she really didn't care much for it.

It was on one of these trips that she was particularly attracted to a special clay vase. It stood possibly seven inches high and was about five inches in diameter. From its narrow mouth there widened an unique Dutch design, embracing quaint dwellings and oddly fashioned windmills; while the fading lustre of its copper colored finish gave it an aged and time-worn appearance. It was, of course, old and must now be very valuable, but she would at least know the price.

It was to a young Jew, behind the counter, that she stammered the question, "What is that vase?"

"That vase, mam," he read from the tag attached to it, "was made and used by some of the old Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam, before the British took possession of Manhattan Island. It is priced at one dollar and fifty cents."

This time she had a real excuse for gasping. Many things flew through her mind in a fraction of a second. It was evident that the Jew was new at the business; he had of course mistaken the price mark one hundred and fifty dollars for one dollar and fifty cents. She had often heard her father say that a Jew could not be beaten in business; here was her chance to show them up. Surely she wanted to be honest at all times, yet this shop had a reputation for being dishonest; this place had made lots of money and she had little to spend; she would not really be dishonest in taking the bargain; she was paying the price their clerk had asked; if scheming managers insisted on employing inexperienced clerks they would have to pay for their experience; she would beat the Jew. All the reasons she desired to think of came to her mind and in an instant she convinced herself. But Kathryn Anne must not appear too anxious a purchaser nor must she wait long, the Jew might discover his mistake. She casually remarked, "Well, I'll take the vase with me, you need not wrap it."

As soon as she had paid him she hastened from the shop.

Kathryn Anne carefully placed her treasure on the kitchen table of her home, so that Bridget would not knock it off. Bridget, the busy housemaid, was preparing to mix biscuits for the evening meal.

Kathryn Anne ran hastily up stairs in search of a soft cloth with which to dust the vase properly. On returning she took it into the dining room. Lo, when she turned the vase over to dust the bottom two sparkling diamonds set in fine gold rings rolled out of the mouth of the vase. With a gasp she stepped back, then darted forward to examine them. Often she had read accounts of men unexpectedly finding priceless jewels concealed in antiques—jewels that had been once the pride of mystic Nomad Sheiks, the princely leaders of bands of Arabs, the fearless robbers of the deserts, jewels which they prized above the life of their best trained and most faithful horse; some one had concealed them among their possessions so that no man could find them. She had recently read an account wherein a man while purchasing a peculiar Arabic spear at a New York curio shop had discovered concealed within the spear-head one of the largest rubies in the world. Also she remembered somewhere in her school work that the Dutch people were the most famous diamond polishers in the world. No doubt the early Dutch people, to whom the vase belonged, had stolen two of the largest diamonds while at the work of polishing them. Fear of being discovered kept them from marketing them; they must then have concealed them in the vase, died unexpectedly, taking the secret with them; the vase had been sold and handed down, until now she had made the accidental discovery.

How they glittered there and sparkled in the rays of the sun. Her collection was not a failure; it was not an expense as her father had tried to tell her. She could sell one of the diamonds and purchase almost anything she

desired. Naturally she would wear one of them. How it would daze them all!

"Miss Kathryn, did yez take funney lookin' bowl away from the table that I put me rings in while I was mixin' me biscuits?"

Highest hopes and aspirations fell way below zero. Kathryn watched Bridget slip the "ten-cent store diamonds" on her short pudgy fingers.

Still in the great disappointment of her suddenly aroused hopes she was enough of an optimist to congratulate herself even on the purchase of the wonderful vase. Just think that it had come down from those Dutch pioneers in New Amsterdam, and she had purchased it for the small sum of one dollar and fifty cents.

She moved closer to the window. Still she had beaten the Jews. She turned the vase sideways to obtain the full rays of the sinking sun upon the vaise. How wonderful—how old—and for a dollar fifty. Peering into its mouth she sank weakly on the cushions in the window. But she did not believe until she read again the printed sticker on the inside of the vase, "Design Copyrighted 1913, Levensky Pottery Co., Retail Price 50c."

BURLEY LAURIMORE '18.

The Trail.

The trail of the painted posts,
Is a weary, bitter, way;
All strewn with blood,
And human mud,
The price our men must pay.

A forest wide is on each side—
A murky path between—
Our soldiers tread
Upon the dead,
Through foul air and unclean.

But here and there a whispered prayer
Will float on wings of white,
No blood can stain,
The Holy Name,
The Name that stands for right.

So up it flies to cleaner skies,
Joined with a million others,
The souls of dead
From earthly bed
The prayers of stricken mothers.

While high above with Holy Love
The message in attended—
We'll hope and pray,
By night, by day,
Until this war is ended.

OLIVE SCHELL '18

'Nother One.

"Hey Central, gimme number one hundred and three, quick!"

"What number did you say?" inquired the operator.

"I want number one hundred and three and want them quick, too."

"All-l-l right," drawled out the operator, "there you are."

There was a long wait, the man at the end of the line was impatiently waiting for an answer but none was received. Then Central broke in.

"Did you get your party?"

"No," growled the man, "keep ringin' 'em, this is important."

"Just as you say," replied she, as she continued to ring.

There was a click in the receiver and a sleepy voice answered with a yawn, "Jimmy H-H-er-ah Hotel James."

"Hotel James? I don't want no hotel; they gimme the wrong number"

He hung up a minute and then came back at Central "What d'ye mean by givin' me the Hotel James when I want the Police Department."

"Did I hear you say you wanted the Police Department?"

"No, you didn't, I want the Police and want 'em right away quick."

"All-l-l right, came the answer with another yawn (for those telephone operators are a sleepy bunch) hope you git your party this time."

She rang about three minutes, but according to the man, it was about ten, then someone answered the 'phone.

"What do you mean by callin' in here this time of the night, and wakin' us up?"

"Is this the Police Station?"

"It is," came the answer.

"Come here immediately, it's been stolen."

"Who's this talking?" asked the officer.

"This is me, Jim Smith, 3113 Packard Boulevard, waste no time and hurry."

"We'll be there in two shakes of a dead dog's tail," replied the cop, and he hung up.

Jim was talking to himself, "Wonder where it could have gotten to, who could have stolen it?"

While in this mood, he heard a noise resembling a boiler factory. He immediately went to the window and saw, coming down the street, a machine. He was able to hear better than he could see, but as the bus approached he saw it was the Police Patrol coming to his assistance. Th emachine sounded as if three cylinders were missing—not only missing sparks but completely out of the engine. In a course of time it arrived and two men alighted from the running board.

They looked up and down the street and behind trees as if they were looking for someone. However, as they saw no one, they proceeded to the front door. Just as they stepped upon the porch, Jim gave the door a jerk in order to open it. The first to advance, who was about three feet from the door when this happened, gave a shriek and a jump, only to light on the fellow's foot who was cautiously following in his footsteps and being led by the first fellow, also yelled. They soon recovered from their fright and began to question Jim.

"What's the idea of callin' us in this time of night?" they asked.

"It's been stolen," said Jim, "someone swiped the only one I had, I can't find it anywhere. Come along out here and help me hunt."

Jim led the way through the house and out to a building near the end of the lot. This they entered and in the light of their lanterns they saw a vehicle on four rubber tired wheels. On the front was a brass colored object in the center of which was stamped the word "Ford."

They all walked about the object and one of the cops ventured inside. The other, who had been slow so get in the search, slowly crawled under the bus and started to hunt.

"It was white," said Jim, "but now its soaked with oil and grease. It's about four inches long or it was about that length when I saw it last. It's kinda' hard to see since it's so small. When it was new, it was about eight inches long, half an inch wide, and about as thick as this," and he held up the ruler which was used to measure the gasoline—as it is called.

Bill, who was under the machine, slid around underneath the radiator, then to the back end, looked in all corners, examined the lower part of the engine, and last of all, looked in the exhaust pipe.

Jake had the back seat out, all the tools from under the seat on the floor and at present was looking in the gas tank. He put the front seat back in place and then started to examine the contents of the black box on the dash board. He took out all the coils, looked them over and then replaced them. Bill came out from under the car and Jake out of the front seat. Bill looked at Jake and Jake looked at Bill then both looked at Jim, who began to get weak.

Bill inquired in a voice of thunder, "Say man, what have you got us here for, anyway?"

"C'm'ere," said Jim. "here's what's missing."

The brave men approached with vibrating knees and teeth.

"There, do you see?"

They blinked their eyes but saw nothing missing.

"There's what's gone, the wick has disappeared from the tail light."

The cops looked at each other and then Bill made a leap for Jim, only to be restrained by Jake who began to laugh

Bill broke in, "What do you mean by pulling us out of peaceful slumber to help you hunt your wick for the tail light of such a bus as you've got here?"

"But it's missing."

"No buts about it, another act like this and we'll have you pulled for disturbing the peace."

The cops then departed and Jim was left alone.

He felt the light which was still warm and then thought to himself, "That———! ! (cut out by censors) wick burned up."

Sidney Lohman '20.

All's Fair in War.

The last lingering rays of sunset rested on a quiet, humble little cottage surrounded by one of the many waste fields of war-ridden France. These large poplars towered above the dwelling and swung rhythmically to the breeze that was slightly stirring, but everything else was motionless. It was a picture of outward desolation which told of hardships, privation and sacrifice. These French peasants had given their all.

Inside the cottage an old grandmother moved slowly to and frow, stirring the fire on the hearth and preparing a meager meal. In spare moments she seated herself on a rough chair near an equally rough table, and busied herself by knitting a helmet from wool, with which the American Red Cross organization of the nearest town had supplied her.

As she knitted, an inner door opened and a slender young girl entered with a small package in her hand. She came forth, smiling at the old woman on the chair and said, "Everything is ready to take, grandmother, except the helmet you are knitting."

"It is almost finished, Annette. But it is now getting dark. Perhaps you had better wait until morning to take these supplies to town," the old woman observed as the sunlight was perceptibly ebbing and dark shadows were fast filling the room.

Annette looked out of one of the small windows in the room. "You are right, grandmother. It will soon be dark and the wind is rising. Hear how the trees are moaning?" The other listened. Her wrinkled old face took on a look of anxious foreboding which the young girl had learned to know. "What is it?" She asked quickly.

"Ah, that moaning of the trees, my dear, is a sign of trouble. That is the way they did on the night your mother died, and then in the evening before the news of your father's fall at Verdun, came."

Annette stood, with a feeling akin to fear, looking out of the window. Then she turned around quickly, and, with a short optimistic little laugh, replied, "But nothing evil is going to happen tonight, grandmother, I know it."

But the old woman shook her head. "No, Annette, it is not a sign that fails."

"We'll see," replied the girl.

The wind blue stronger and the skies darkened with pent up promise of a coming storm. The poplars moaned still louder.

"I'll light a candle, said the girl, "or you can."

"No, save the candles. I will finish this helmet tomorrow, if nothing happens," and the grandmother rose to put away her knitting.

Annette started to see after the food that was in preparation on the hearth but even as she turned, her quick ears caught the sound of muffled footsteps outside. It aroused her suspicion, for well she knew the enemy ventured into homes where there were none to stop them. Spurred by the thought, she hurried her grandmother into the adjoining room.

At the knock that followed upon the outer door, the frightened women stood perfectly still, each wondering what to do. By chance a striking of some heavy metal against another object of like kind, reached their strained ears.

It was enough. Annette took hold of her grandmother's arm, and they rushed into a narrow passage lit by one small window. As they entered this passage, Annette carefully bolted the door behind them and they disappeared into a dark, little cellar where the limited supply of food was stored.

In the meantime, the outsiders, getting no response, pushed open the door without ceremony and entered. The one who appeared to be the leader of the three, said, "Machen Sie ein Licht, Heinrich." and a small electric spotlight searched the room. There were signs of a recently prepared meal, lying untouched on the hearth.

"They are hiding," the leader observed, but one of the others suggested that, in view of the circumstances, the cottage, undoubtedly was, for the hour deserted. "Well, we'll make a hearty meal," the leader responded as they seated themselves near the hearth. There is an old saying that "all is fair in war," and the modern German seconds the adage with little or no hesitation. The meal was soon begun and soon ended.

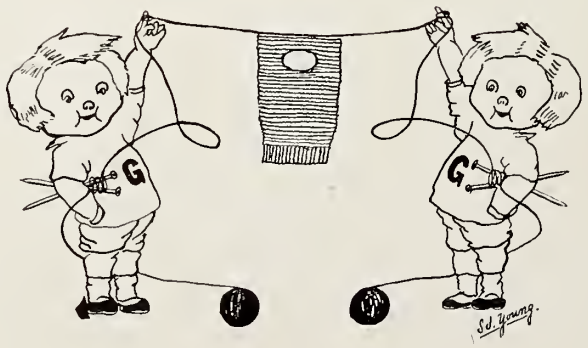
In their search for further refreshments, they encountered the bolted door leading to the cellar, but under their united force the bolt gave way, and three large Germans fell into the passage. Down they went until they turned the corner where the moonlight (now resplendent) gleamed upon an apparition.

Yes, it was an apparition of most ghostly appearance. The white death-like pallor of a sheeted skeleton met the view of the three invaders as they stopped short. The horrible thing appeared to be coming nearer. A startled "Gott und Himmel" broke the silence, and when, a few seconds later, a rat ran just in front of them, the invaders bolted—yes, it sounds unsoldierly—but they bolted out of the house and into the yard with a rapidity that has rarely been equaled.

Down in the cellar the ghost shook off its grave-like apparel, and stood before her grandmother, who now appeared trembling with excitement. The girl laughed silently but joyfully at the result of her clever scheme. As Annette watched the three hurriedly disappearing figures, she remarked, "See, grandmother, nothing evil happened," The old woman was too joyous to argue the point.

"Ah, brave girl," she replied, "You are indeed worthy to be the daughter of a soldier of France."

GRACE BOWMAN '18.



Your Country and Mine.

Mary Brethardt moved listlessly in her chair. It was a hot July evening, her last evening in New York. Tomorrow she and her father were to star on a roundabout journey to Germany. Germany was home. At least, so Mary's father said and America was simply a place to make money. The idea had been stamped upon the child's brain and grafted into her nature until it seemed to be bearing fruits. But why that cureous discontent this even ing, that feeling of dissatisfaction? She would take a walk to rid herself of it.

The girl stepped out on the street. It was a beautiful home that she had, not far from Public Square. She walked a few steps in the direction of the Square, attracted by the sound of music and talking. In gay New York, everything sometimes seems to be noise, but this was more than usual. On and on Mary walked, not heeding her steps. Suddenly she came face to face with the scene. A man was speaking. America, loyalty, bravery, love, patriotism; the stars and stripes were mingled in his speech. "Loyalty to America," Mary pondered, "what does it mean?" She knew English, of course. Hadn't she been educated by a learned German tutor? But she had never heard this. No, her tutor had returned to the fatherland many days ago to fight for it. Why, she had been taught to love all things Prussian and hate all things alien and what could loyalty to America mean? "What the U. S. flag has always meant," she argued. "Merely the sign of a country un bounded in wealth, but made up and peopled by a motley horde." The band played, the crowd cheered as though maddened, yet the girl pondered. "The land of the free and the home of the brave, where was it?"

Mary Brethardt turned homeward. Slowly then more quickly she walked. As she entered the house a sight familiar an hour ago, but now strange, met her gaze. The trunks were packed and waiting. Those trunks contained secrets, contained much money sewed in the lining of garments. When she left the house all this seemed natural, but now, did they have a right to take them? The people on Public Square had sung of America, their loved home. She had been born in America as had they. Was it not her native land?

The girl sought her own room. She entered and sat down in the darkness, trying to pierce its velvety stillnes, its mysterious shadows. Her mind, overcast with darkness and shadowy doubts, she attempted to pierce with her intellect, her judgment, her learning. In neither was she successful. She could not betray the land that had given her birth, could not place it in the hands of the enemy even though that enemy was the fatherland. Finally she decided that she would try to sleep and solve the problem the next morning. But sleep did not, could not come to that tired. working, struggling brain.

Late in the evening Mary arose, dressed and went down stairs. She passed into the dimly lighted hall, walking slowly its whole length. Suddenly she stopped. Was not that a bunch of keys lying near? She stooped and picked them up. Could it be the trunk keys? Her father, the famous Wall street broker, was growing careless in his haste to get to Germany with valuables which would entitle him to a medal. Or was it a stroke of fate?

A ray of light, a maddened frenzy enveloped Mary Brethardt's mind. Quickly she unlocked a trunk. She, her father's trusted adviser, knew just

where to find what she sought. Garment after garment she tore open, closing and locking each trunk as she went. No thought of detection entered her mind. She was working for America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

When the task was finished the tired girl placed the keys where she had found them and turned to the papers. Slowly her gaze wandered over them, diagrams of famous Atlantic harbors, sketches of the inside workings of great munition plants, detailed accounts of America's unpreparedness. "Nobody must see these," the troubled soul cried, "I will burn them, money and all."

The next day dawned bright and clear. Cyrus Brethardt had risen with the larks. This day he was starting to Germany to receive a medal from the Kaiser and to meet his wife, who had returned to Germany with her two sons in August, 1914. Mr. Brethardt had been greatly alarmed when he found the keys to his treasure house on the floor, but well he knew that no had touched them or they would be gone now. As the dawn burst into day he began to wonder why Mary did not appear. Finally he sent for her to come down.

Presently the maid returned saying, "My mistress says she is too ill to arise." "Too ill," the man broke out in a frenzy, "Too ill to return to the Fatherland. That can not be. Tell her she must come." But the maid returned with the same message. "Tell her she will stay forever in this accursed America if she does not return home with me." The answer came, "I will stay." The man raged but it did no good. He would have done worse had he known the thought uttermost in his daughter's brain.

. . . .

"Are you a German," a nurse was asking a pale, worn girl.

"I am of German birth, was the answer, but I am an American."

"You may enter." The girl wept for joy.

Mary Brethardt had determined when her father left that she would become a trained nurse and go to France. She had become very ill and had been given scarcely time to recover in her old home because the new owner wanted in. Her father had left her a little money, but so long and unsuccessful had been her search for acceptance in a nurses' training school that it was about gone. Everywhere she was rejected because of her German looks and brogue. She didn't know that strange Germans were suspected and mistrusted.

. . . .

Day, dark and misty dawned upon No Man's land in France. A great battle had been fought there the day before, lasting long into the night. A shipload of American Red Cross surgeons and nurses had arrived a few days before and were being led out upon the horrible ghastly scene. Ambulances were arriving; all were busy. Nurse Brethardt spoke to a surgeon near her.

Someone near them moved. A German helmet raised from a body that had been lying as though dead. The man looked at the nurse and she looked at him. 'My brother!" she cried, "My brother!"

"You traitor," he hissed, "you traitor to your father and to the Fatherland." He raised his arm, the surgeon started, but the dying man was too quick. "I am dying," he said, "but you shall die first," and the bullet hit its mark.

"I die gladly," the girl whispered, "die gladly for My Country, America."

Lois Brumbaugh '18.

A Dream.

Tired out with study's task supreme,
The Senior slept and straightway dreamed a dream.
He dreamed that with a maiden by his side
Of wondrous beauty yet who modest sighed,
He wandered 'cross the rustic gratings and found
That still his feet were on the solid ground.
He reached "The Mecca," where sweets and eats,
Plenty are served for all and each.
Very near, high o'er head the clock tolled eight-fifteen,
And on the walls are plainly visible, the words, "Rah, Rah, '18!"
Leaving the spot reluctantly to pass,
They neared the "dear old brick," better known as G. H. S.,
Where the growing grass untrod by foot profane, a carpet lay
Velvet and green beneath the light of day.
No longer the rule "Please keep on the walk" lay bare
To hinder those in haste and catch one unaware.
They went to class. All, gathered there on time
Exact, smiled at the gong's beginning chime.
All in the assembly. "A lecture course," Herr Roehm has said.
No notes were needed. Keep them in your head.
No tests or quizzes either, these were children's sport.
Finals abolished, never a class report.
Through open windows here the breezes played
With joyful faces where not one delayed,
A happy, eager throng might be discried
Hastening from school. All gladly on they hied,
Leaving but silence in the great assembly room;
Broken only by the janitor and his broom.
Home once again the Senior found a note
"Please find a check to your account," his father wrote,
"Coming from 'The Mecca,' I know one's always broke."
Deeply the Senior sighed.
Too much,
He woke.

Doyle Warner '18.

To Those Who Do Not Like Geometry.

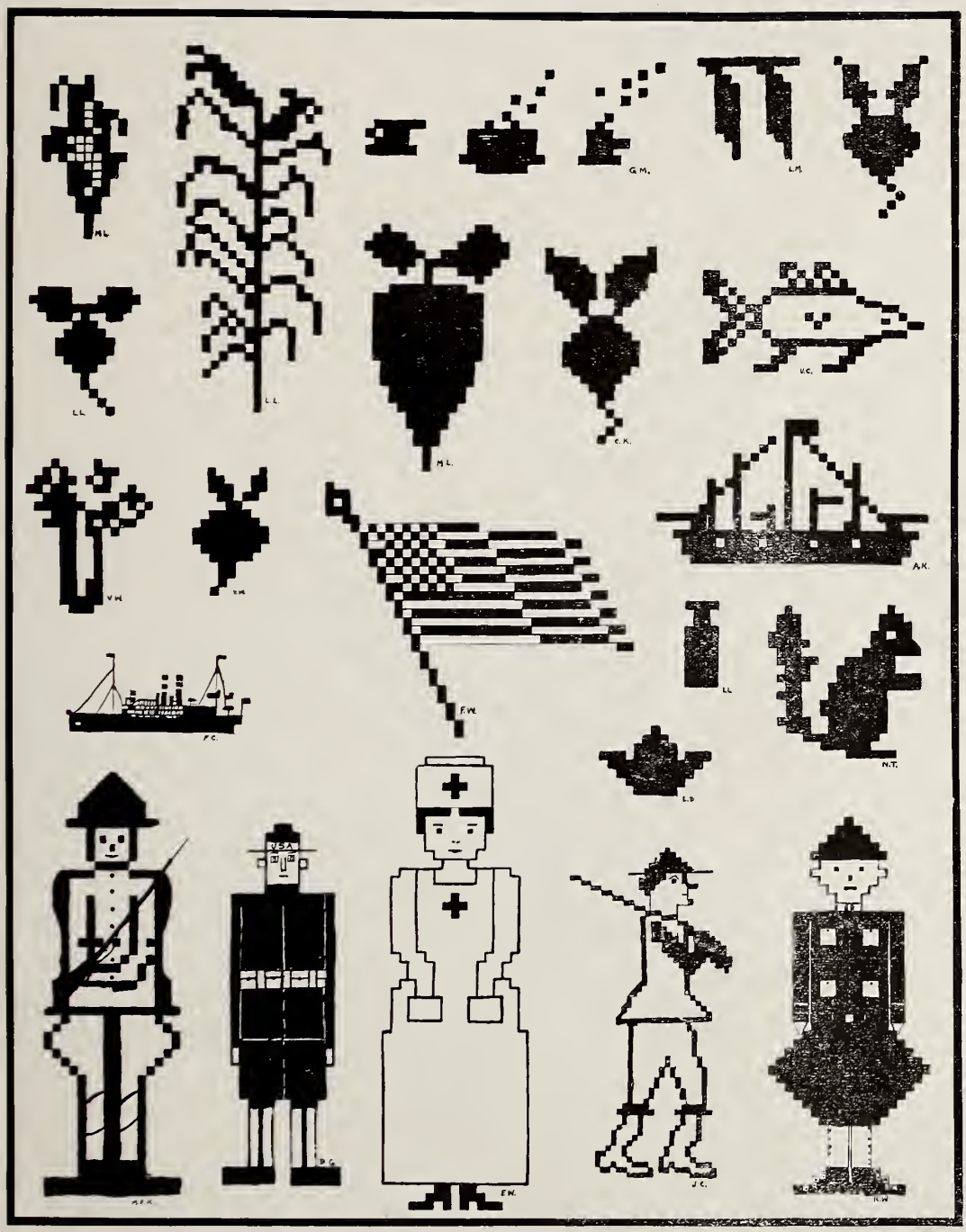
The warm spring day was fading fast,
And through the crowded streets there passed
A Sophomore, clasping in her arm,
A book written in mystic charm.
Geometry.

Her schoolmates passed her on her way
And stopped her, just a word to say,
"Oh come with us," they joyfully cried,
But lo! her sad sweet voice replied,
Geometry.

That night she crept into her bed,
But not to sleep, for her poor head
Was filled with such a dreadful fear
Of a final test that was so near.
Geometry.

Oh welcome sleep, at last it came,
But not to rest her just the same,
For her lips still murmured as she lay
And in her sleep she seemed to say,
Geometry.

Velma Weisenbarger '20.



GEOMETRICS.

Excuses.

The principal sat in his office,
One morning at eight-thirty-four,
Where various students were sitting—
(Some who had been late before.)
Awaiting his coming question,
"Now, why were you late today?"
And all, as they sat there thinking,
Were wondering what to say.

"I was late," said one from the country,
"But the car was late, too, you see,
And I couldn't come before it did,
So of course you cannot blame me."
"Alright. who's next?" came the answer
And somebody else stepped ahead.
"Just why were you late this morning?"
"Our clock stopped," was what she said.

"And you?" the principal questioned
"I well," and she heaved a big sigh,
"That's the trouble with having sisters;
"I just couldn't find my tie."
And so the line slowly diminished.
In fact, it was nearly nine,
Until the last culprit answered,
"I didn't wake up in time."

GRACE BOWMAN '18.

The Blues.

When yuh feel the Blues a 'comin,'
  Creepin', stealin,' on yuh sly,
Then yuh better start to hummin'
    'Cause if yuh leave a moan and sigh—
      Or set down sorta lanquid like
        An' huddle in a bunch
      They'll stick around just out o' spite
        They're so quick to take a hunch.

An' if they ever get you goin'
  Started on their way o' life,
Ugly thoughts'll start a flowin',
  An' yuh'll have an awful strife—
    Just to fight to keep on liven
      Cause you never care a cent
    When the blue's have got yuh driven
      To where you got so morbid bent.

Olive Schell '18.

The Thing That Counts.

Ma sez to me this mornin,' "say,
Why don't yer write a poem today!
It's quite a while since yer wrote one,
Go on an' do it just fer fun."
Well, Ma's a pretty good old pal,
So I to pleas' 'er, sez, I shall.
But Pa, he sorter laffed at that,
An' sez, "your stuff would kill a cat."
Ma up and said, "maybe it wood,
But yer can't write one half so good."
Pa sed, "Shut up, I know I can't,
An' as fer tryin' it I shan't!"
Then Ma she had a fit or two,
An' sed, "That's what yer alluz do,
Yer don't use half the brains yer got.
Get busy; use'em! Come, why not?"
Well, maybe Ma was right fer onc't
An' Pa was actin' like a dunce.
To this is what it all amounts.
It's what you really do that counts.

ESTHER STONEROCK.

Athletics.

The Value of Athletics.

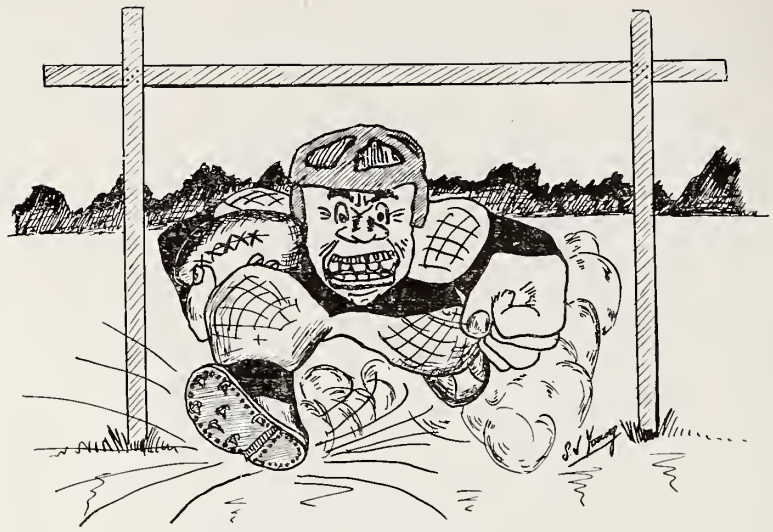
Athletics should play a prominent part in the High School life, since they are beneficial to the mind as well as the body. High School athletics are carried on after school hours and in no way tend to interfere with the studies. To be a success in any athletic sport a person must concentrate his mind on the thing that he is doing. This is absolutely necessary to produce good results. A boy can not be slovenly in his actions when in practice to make good. He must put into use every ounce of vitality that he has. This will tend to teach him to use his body in unison with his brain.

There is always a chance of getting injured while engaged in any of the sports that we carry on in the High School. This is a minor incident, as the injuries are very few. Football, the game that is considered the most dangerous of any of the sports, is being reduced from a game in which brawn is the main factor to the place where brain plays the most important part. We have all read accounts of how so many young men are killed annually in this game. Statistics show that it is the untrained and physically unfit fellow that is the most liable to injury. Last year there were fifteen men killed playing football. Out of this number two of them were college trained athletes, four from high schools and the remainder were fellows on independent teams.

The college player is made to train and keep himself in the best condition, the high school players not so much, and usually the city and independent team player has no training whatsoever. By this we can see that the fellow in good condition has very small chances of being injured.

Athletics in G. H. S. for the past two years have not had great success. This has not been due either to the coaches or the spirit of the fellows. This year an unusually large number of under-classmen reported for the various squads and in the next few years we shall see great improvements in the quality of our teams.

WALTER S. GILBERT '18.



MIAMISBURG AT MIAMISBURG.

G. H. S. O; M. H. S. 14.

This was the opener. We showed it in almost every position. Lack of practice and team work were the features of the game on both sides. On the whole the game was very interesting. Miamisburg by good luck scored in the second quarter. This was accomplished by a fumble of one of their punts by a G. H. S. backfield man and one of the M. H. S. men grabbed it up for a run of about six yards for a touchdown. The other touchdown they earned. This was made in the last quarter. We showed by the quality of playing that we had all the opportunity in the world to improve.

PIQUA AT PIQUA.

Piqua 56; G. H. S. 0.

This was our second game and we were no match for the strong Piqua team. Their line bucks were too heavy for our line and they scored frequently. We never had much opportunity to get away with trick plays and never were very close to scoring. We showed a marked improvement in team work in this game and have great opportunities for improvement.

STIVERS AT STIVERS.

Stivers 42; G. H. S. 0.

This game was played in mud about four inches deep. Puddles of water were everywhere on the field. Team work and trick playing were next to impossible. The heaviest team had the advantage and in this we were a little shy. Clemens at quarter was laid out at the beginning of the second half with a sprained ankle. W. Gilbert took his place. We made six substitu-

tions for injuries. Stivers has a good team. We played hard, but a game as we usually play was impossible on such a field. Every point that Stivers made they earned and no flunks were made by either team.

ARCANUM AT ARCANUM

G. H. S. 6; A, H. S. 6.

This is a game that should have belonged to us instead of being a tie. We went to Arcanum with entirely too much confidence. Our only thought was that we were going to roll up a big score and win without much effort. In this we were very sadly disappointed. Our team started too early and Arcanum was filled with hope instead of scare. We ploughed back and forth for the first half to a scoreless tie. The third quarter had no more than started before Dively at full was knocked out by being accidently kicked on the head by an Arcanum player. Nothing more happened in this quarter. It was with five minutes yet to play a forward pass from Gilbert to Holzapfel netted forty yards. This put us within twelve yards of the goal. Then Gilbert at quarter bucked the line for the touchdown. We failed to kick goal. With only this little space time yet to play we thought we had the game won. On an end run Arcanum's quarterback succeeded in making a touchdown through the crowd that had surged onto the field. This was the only thing that saved them from being defeated as the crowd proved an effectual protection for him from two of our players They did not kick the goal. This made the score 6 to 6, with three-quarters of a minute yet to play. Nothing happened in this time. This is a game that we should have won. We had them out-classed and we out-played them, but again our supply of confidence made us its pawn.

PIQUA AT G. H. S.

Piqua 30; G. H. S. 0.

We had been beaten once before by Piqua and we wanted to win, if only it was to take some of the conceit out of them. They were just a little out of our class, but nevertheless we fought as hard as we possibly could and they did not make a point that they did not absolutely earn. To hold Piqua down to 30 points is a very good showing, as they out-weighed us a good many pounds. Ray Young was very unfortunate in this game, having two front teeth knocked out. At only one time did we have any chance to score. The game was exceedingly fast and interesting.

G. H. S. AT WEST MILTON.

G. H. S. 42; West Milton 0.

This was our one big game of the season. We went to West Milton with the one thought in mind, and that was to win and break that old losing streak that had been following us around for two years. In this game we had the best football team that represented G. H. S. during the season. Gilbert, quarterback; Schmermund and Clemens, halfbacks; Dively, fullback; Renz, center; Kurz and Miller, guards; Butt and Birt, tackles; Holzapfel and Spidel, ends. We started off with instructions not to try to make our downs for

the first few times, but to punt on the first down. By this we could see about how strong West Milton really was. We did this and found that it was exceptionally easy to hold West Milton for their downs most every time. They only made their first downs about three times during the entire game. After about five minutes of this testing we got down to real business. By a series of bucks and end runs we got within five yards of their goal. Then Dively made a center buck through their entire team for the first touchdown. Butt kicked goal. About this time the first quarter was up. Score: G. H. S. 7; W. M. 0.

We got the ball very soon in the second quarter and then each man on the back field would take his turn in carrying it. Each one was good for from eight to ten yards each time. Schmermund carried it over in an end run. Butt failed to kick goal. We kicked off to them and after they tried three times to break through they punted. We started down the field again. This time, however, they seemed to be able to stop us a little better. We were within twenty yards of their goal with three downs, and about five yards to make when Schmermund made a wonderful drop kick square between the posts. After a little more seesawing back and forth the first half was up. Score: 16 to 0 ih our favor.

The second half opened up by us kicking off to them. The ball was kicked down the side lines and one of their players, instead of catching it, let it hit him full on the face. It bounced back into Gilbert's hands who ran with it about twenty yards. Then our smashing began again. Nothing but straight football was used. We did not use a trick play or forward pass during the entire game. This time it was Clemens who carried the ball over. Butt kicked goal. Then the next time we got it Dively was the one slated to score. Butt failed this time. They got the ball then and went on trying to buck it through Tackle Birt recovered the ball and ran through their whole team for about forty yards. This carried us within fifteen yards of their goal. Then we fooled them a little. We lined up with tandem formation and their whole team thought we were going to try a buck, so they accordingly bunched up close to center. We called an end run with Schmermund carrying it over the line. Butt failed to kick any. This ended the third quarter. Score: 35-0.

The fourth quarter was played with three minutes taken off on account of darkness. We got the ball after some time and made another of our frequent marches for their goal line. We got within fifteen yards of their goal and on another tandem formation Gilbert bucked through their entire team for the last touchdown. Butt kicked goal. This made us the grand total of 42, with W. M. H. S., 0. Every man on the back field scored this day and the whole team played wonderful football. This was one day when all played together for old G. H. S. Our front line was like a stone wall and the ends did some very good tackling. After we came home that night, we certainly did celebrate our well earned victory.

G. H. S. AT SIDNEY

Sidney 6; G. H. S. 0.

This was one of the best if not the best game we played this season. The day was very cold and a light snow covered the ground. We were about evenly matched with the Sidney team. The game was fast and well played on

both sides. Each one was forced to punt frequently. For the first three quarters the ball seesawed back and forth over the field, neither team seeming to have an edge on the other. It looked as if the game was to be scoreless. In the last quarter, with about five minutes yet to play we were within thirty yards of Sidney's goal. A forward pass was called and one of Sidney's ends intercepted and ran about forty yards with the ball. This seemed to throw the game. Sidney then got it on our twenty yard line. Then by a series of penalties inflicted on Greenville for off sides, kneeing and a few other unjust things. Sidney advanced the ball to our two-and-a-half yard line. We held them there for three downs. Then their quarter back pushed it over. This was a hard game to lose. Everyone of the fellows did their level best and they should get every bit of credit that is coming to them for playing good football. This is a fitting end to such a season as we have had.

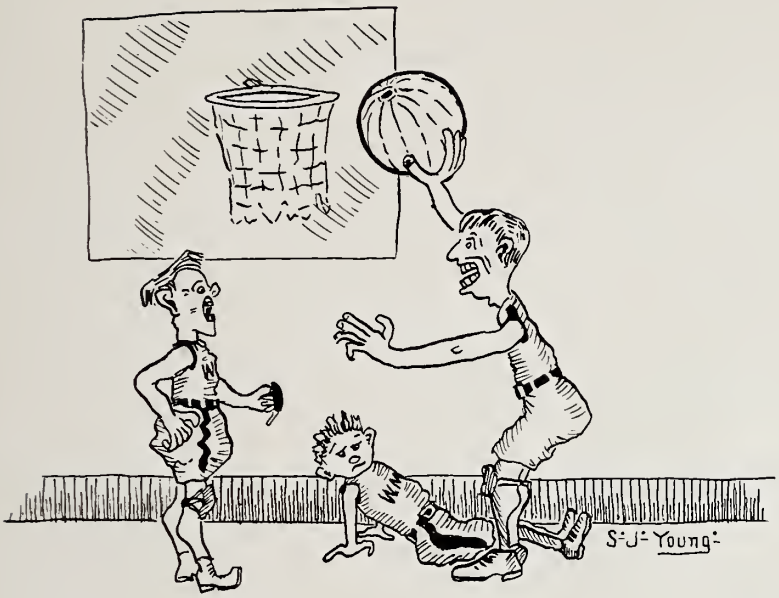
"TO SPIT OR NOT TO SPIT."

FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Squad.

PLAYERS	QUARTERS PLAYED	POSITION	WEIGHT	POINTS SCORED
Cloy Clemens	24	Left Halfback	160	6
Walter Gilbert	28	Quarterback	140	12
Wilbur Spidel	24	Center	135	..
George Schmermund	12	Right Halfback	160	15
Charles Dively	10	Fullback	155	12
William Miller	28	Right Guard	175	..
Herbert Holzapfel	24	Left End	130	..
Ralph Birt	28	Right Tackle	185	..
Harold Butt	28	Left Tackle	205	3
Albert Kurz	22	Left Guard	135	..
George Studebaker	22	Right End	140	..
Andrew Renz	17	Center	150	..
Ray Young	..	Guard	...	..
Dwight Emrick	6	Halfback	150	..
John Stubbs	10	Guard	160	..
Robert Schwartz	16	Halfback	150	..
Dewin Stoltz	8	Halfback	135	..
Robert Gilbert	2	End	120	..
Robert Stoltz	1	Guard	125	..
Rollin Minnich	6	Halfback and End	160	..
Ralph Ford	1	End	115	..
Homer Miller	1	Guard	150	..

Basket Ball.



DATE	SCHEDULE	SCORES G. H. S.	OPPONENTS
January 11	Ansonia at Greenville	31	17
January 18	Greenville at Arcanum	17	24
January 19	Greenville at Piqua	10	55
January 25	Osborn at Greenville	21	23
February 1	West Milton at Greenville	75	15
February 15	Greenville at Ansonia	15	28
February 22	Arcanum at Greenville	20	15
March 1	Greenville at Union City	10	62

Games won 3. Lost 5. Total points G. H. S., 208. Opponents, 237.

ANSONIA AT G. H. S.

G. H. S. 31; A. H. S. 17.

This was a good start for the season. Ansonia seems bewildered and were altogether out-classed. The feature of the game was the fast and consistent playing of our team. The team work was of the best and Ansonia had small chance at any time.

G. H. S. AT ARCANUM.

G. H. S. 17; Arcanum 24.

The small floor had a great deal to do with our being defeated. This hall was very small and a very low ceiling that interfered very much with the play. ing. Being used to a large hall hurt the quality of our team work. Arcanum also had the advantage of knowing the floor. It was a good game and very hard fought.

BASKET BALL TEAM.

The Squad.

PLAYERS	POSITION	HALVES PLAYED	POINTS SCORED
Davidson (Captain)	Forward	14	73
Holzapfel	Forward	9	44
Mathews	Center	6	12
Spidel	Guard	16	8
Clemens	Guard	10	14
Butt	Guard	7	0
Katzenberger	Center	6	10
Swartz	Center	7	31
Minnich	Forward	6	16
Stubbs	Forward	1	0
Cole	Center	3	0

G. H. S. AT PIQUA.

G. H. S. 10; Piqua 24.

This game was played the day after the Arcanum game and our fellows were not in the best of condition. This would not have made enough difference for us to have won, as the Piqua team was far the superior of us. They were heavier and had some wonderful pass work. The game was very one-sided from the start and our fellows never had much chance of winning.

OSBORN AT GREENVILLE.

G. H. S. 21; O. H. S. 23.

This was the hardest fought game of the season. It was extremely exciting from start to finish. Neither side could gain a safe lead over the other at any time of the game. First Greenville would be in the lead and then Osborn. The game was fast and played very clean by both sides. Davison was injured in the first half. This crippled our team to some extent. As luck would have it the final whistle blew when Osborn was one basket ahead of us.

WEST MILTON AT GREENVILLE.

G. H. S. 75; West Milton 13.

As in football this was our easy game of the season. The first half was close and finished with our team a few points to the good. In the second half the fun began. We got down to business and our pass work and team work were excellent. West Milton had small chance of breaking up at any time. Every man on the team did his share and the whole team worked together as if they were one. The large crowd certainly got their money's worth from a G. H. S. standpoint, although after the first half the game was so one-sided that it was not very interesting. We had them out-classed and out-played in every position.

GREENVILLE AT ANSONIA.

G. H. S. 15; Ansonia 28.

Ansonia had the advantage of this game by having their home floor and knowing its pecularities. The latter plays a very prominent part on this floor. Holzapfel was badly burned on the arm, when he fell against a hot stove. This kept him out of the games for the remainder of the season. The game was fairly rough and very hard played. The first half was very close. Ansonia won by a spurt in the last few minutes of the game. This makes it one a piece for us and with no chance of playing off the tie.

ARCANUM AT GREENVILLE.

G. H. S. 29; Arcanum 15.

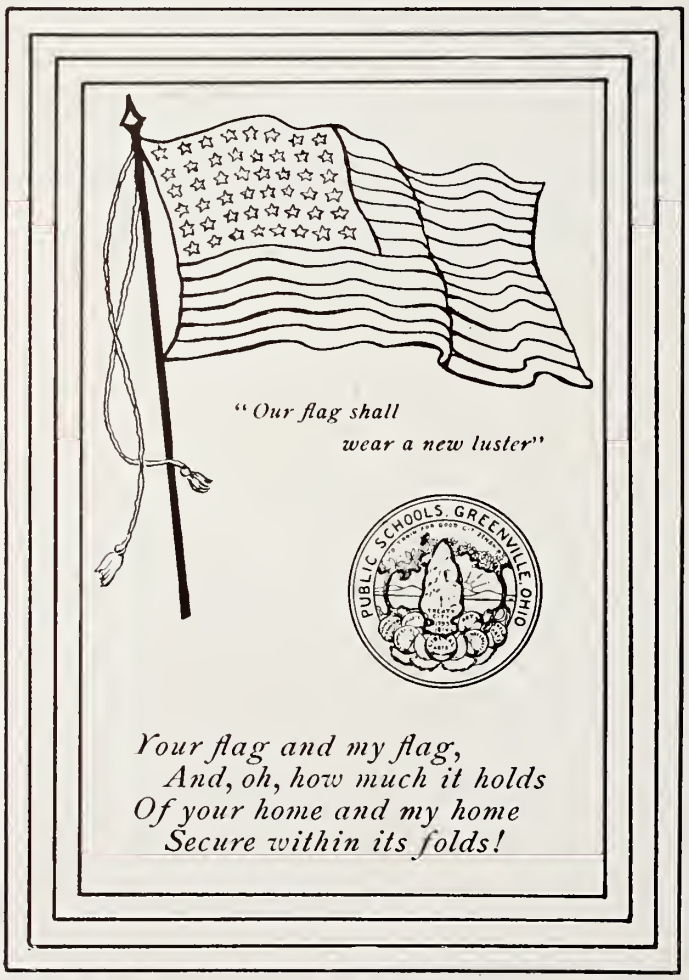
We started this game with the determination to beat Arcanum and make up for the defeat we suffered at their hands earlier in the season. Arcanum has a game bunch of players and the large hall had something to do with their defeat. The second half was very interesting. It started with the score very

close and continued so until within five minutes of the end. Only at one time was Arcanum within two points of us and then we began to take heed of the pleading of the crowd and began to draw away from them. The game became very exciting. Both sides had opportunities to win but we took advantage of ours and the game ended with us having a good majority. As with Ansonia this makes us a game apiece.

GREENVILLE AT UNION CITY.

G. H. S. 10; Union City 62.

This was the last game of the season as the two other teams we had games with cancelled. The extreme smallness of the hall caused us our defeat. We were not used to playing in a bowling alley and getting used to it takes more time than one game. The Union City team know their hall and thus took advantage of it. The game was very fast and Union City seemed to get their points with but very little trouble. This is not much of an ending for such a season as we had.


"Our flag shall
wear a new luster"
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, GREENVILLE, OHIO
Your flag and my flag,
And, oh, how much it holds
Of your home and my home
Secure within its folds!

BASEBALL TEAM.

Baseball.

A squad of about twenty candidates reported for the initial practice the latter part of March. If anything can be told by the number the prospects should be very good for a successful season. Mr. Wheeler is coach for baseball. He has had much previous experience in coaching baseball and promises to produce a team worthy of his efforts.

Girls' Athletics.

Once upon a time in the latter part of November, the girls of G. H. S., who were interested in basketball, met in the gymnasium for organization. The four groups were well represented and plans for the games were made. All went well for a time, and then a great something came along, as always happens in a really, truly fairy story.

No, this is not a fairy godmother, who came to encourage this activity, it was the old scoundrel "King Coal." He closed up the Memorial Hall and would not allow us to use it for four weeks, and right in the middle of the basketball season too.

Well, this story does not have a fairy ending, as it should have had, for we did not get to practice any more that year, and although we accomplished nothing great, it is our sincerest wish that the girls of 1918-'19 will meet with much better success.

AGNES ALTICK '18.

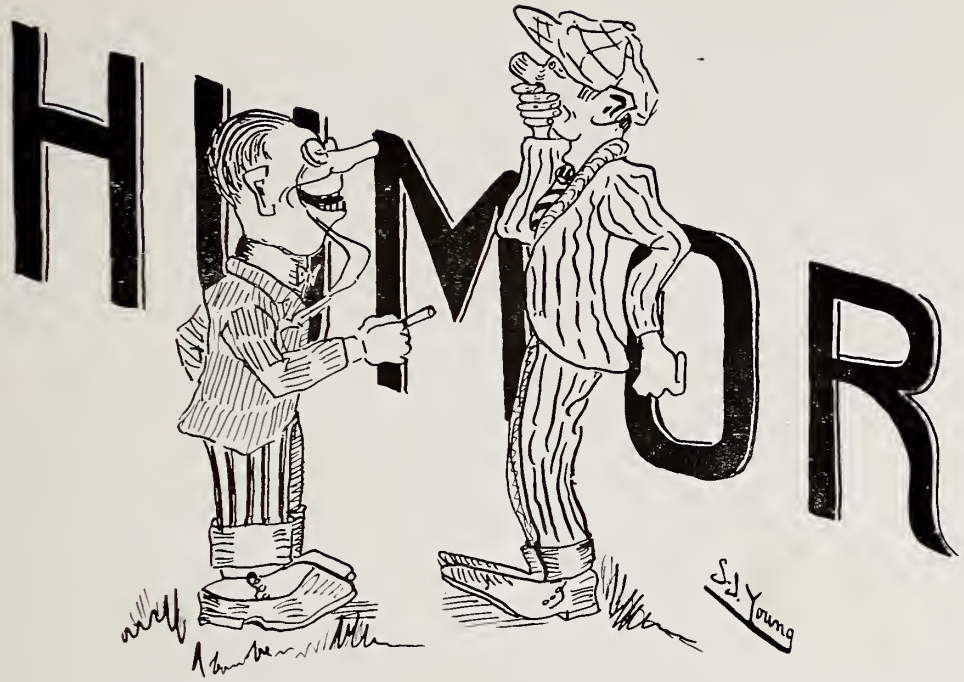
Black Diamonds.

Only a coal, yet it calmly lay,
Upon the ground from day to day.
Until a rain came beating hard
And carried it into a neighbor's yard.

A child was playing with a broken bowl,
And espied this one forlorn piece of coal,
He picked it up and awry he sped,
To store it away in the old coal shed.

Next day his mother went to the shed
To get some wood to make corn bread.
She saw this coal, but let it lay,
For this was Monday and heatless day.

LUCILLE HAINES '20.



The Study of Biology.

WHEN we think of the old class of '18 it brings our minds to the spirit and pep, as well as the great minds it contained. Of course when I speak of the great minds of the students, it infers that the teachers had super-minds. All these characteristics are noticed in a Biology excursion once taken by this class. We all know that Biology is the study of young flowerhood and all forms of life except high life.

The first experiment is the observation of the parimoecia. In order that we might see them in their natural environment the instructor led us to the pond, over which we craned our necks. The parimoecia is about the size of a hair on a frog, but the instructor can see their slightest action and even a change in the mind. His conversation ran something like this:

"Here we have two parimoecia and their children; observe the expression of love and benevolence on the mother's face while the father seems to be rather nervous; he is hoping that the offspring will not all be killed in a collision with an approaching grass seed."

After resting our imagination a little while we proceeded to study the flowerhood. All that is needed is a little agility and caution to capture the flowers before they wither away. When you have caught the flower hold it firmly with one hand while you look up its name in the book with the aid of the other. The instructor says that the knowledge gained in this course will be very useful in selecting American beauties. M. BERNARD MENKE.

Slang As She Is Slung.

Honorable Patronagers: Just two weeks ago this P. M., I read an advertisement in the newspaper, where they were advertising for a man well versed in the English language to come and speak to you on the subject of "Slang." I thinking myself *fit* for the position am here to speak to *you'ns* on this subject.

This time worn subject had been the *originate* of much discussion *here of late* and I am here to tell you that you must *cut it out* of your daily language. *Inside* the last decade the daily use of slang and *ungrammatical* idioms has greatly come in vogue. It is *lowering* to our community and it is up to we *gents* to see that it is prohibited.

I take *honorable pastime* in being with *you all* this *eve* and in giving you a few *precautious* ideas as to slang and its pernicious usuage. No doubt some of you will feel like *climbing* on my *frame* when you hear me *hash* out this *stuff* on slang *hard-boiled quacks* have *thrashed over* and has given us to *can* and *preserve*.

The greatest of all demoralization is the *guy* who sedately crosses the *pond* and comes to our land to study our native *dialect*. "Howdy," says *weins* to him. He knows not what it means and he goes to Nathaniel Webster and to Daniel Hawthorne to find out. *Nothing doing*. It's not to be found in any *bookshunary* in the whole United States. Do you think we are paying greatness to those human philanthrothists, Sam Johnson and Eddie Poe by using such *diabolical stuff?*

Teachers and mothers should *line up* the *kids* for using such *awful phrasings*. They can only be *brung* up correct by their *environments* using perfect examples of faultless English. I ain't meaning to *slam* no how or *tramp on nobodys toes*.

But folks, this is not a *tank* town or a *one horse* affair, it is a nation of wide source. In all big burgs I expect some *swell guy* is at this moment addressing them on this self-same subject.

The last part of this programme is sure to make a hit, as the *counterbuscion* box is going to be passed out. Now, friends, we don't want this to turn out a *fizzle*, so everything from a *plunk* to *two bits* will be appreciated in carrying on of this work. This must be carried on, and slang must be chopped out of the American language. I thank you, one and all.

AGNES ALTICK '18.

This Way Boys
Two Faced
HOW MUCH LONGE
Pretty Babies
Peep
Cruel World.
Argument
Duty Calls
Patriots
WAITING FOR IT!
Oh So Lonesom
I love the Cows & Chickens.
Corn feds
BARN
Peach Pie
Two Lambs
approaching a limit
About 5:20
Then 7:30

SNAPSHOTS.

Love's Labor Lost.

James William looked up with a hurt, aggrieved expression on his ruddy countenance. His thoughts had been rudely broken in upon! They (the thoughts) had been of a deep and singular nature, for James William was just fourteen. And when one has attained the ripe old age of fourteen—when one has lived through measles, chickenpox, bobbed hair, fights innumerable, two baby brothers and one older sister—one has a right, indisputable, to serious thoughts. Nevertheless, the family in their commonplace and monotonous existence could not or would not understand. They interrupted choice bits of thought with vulgar commands, questions or remarks

"Sniff," James William scratched his head musingly. "Sniff, sniff."

"Oh Ma! I can't stand to hear that boy," (awful emphasis on 'boy,') "sniff and sniffle around this way. Haven't you got a handkerchief, James? Ma, come here." With disgust Georgia Maud, the young lady and pride of the family, eyed the small gritty-looking brother. He was the disgrace as she was the pride. Sullenly he glared back at her, there being no reply from the kitchen, impudently, triumphantly and defiantly he gave a long, sibilant "sni-i-i-fle," and nonchalantly added another line with grim, trembling hand to the hieroglyphical mess in front of him.

"As snow is white,
  As trees are black,
My love is true
  And that's a fact.
So if you ever
  Need a friend
I'll be It,
  'Till death do end.--
    --*James William Parker.*

Once more his thoughts were soaring. Heaving a sigh, he folded the paper and jammed it in his pocket. "Ah! What did they know of love? Nothing." He looked at his father who was becoming bald. Feet in comfies, were cocked on the nickle piece ornamenting the front of the stove. His pipe was sending streamers and swirls of smoke up through the air, and the evening paper hid the rest of him. "Paper, pipe, slippers! Gosh, some people couldn't know what love was!"

Paw looked over the top of the paper at James William, who immediately registered oblivion, deep and impenetrable.

"Son, that's an annoying cold you have, isn't it?"

James William gulped as his sister looked scournful triumph at him. Nevertheless a hint was all that was needed. James William had too often experienced the tingling feeling of those same dispised slippers, to rashly disregard the discreet hint. Hints from Paw were self-sufficient with James William. A dirty rag of a handkerchief was brought forth from somewhere about his person and the tip of his nose gingerly pinched. Then grabbing a nondescript looking, striped affair, which could not possibly cover the tips of his ears, James William indignantly left the family circle.

Outside the air was brisk and a hint of snow was glittering through the fast darkening streets. James Williams' thoughts, as he tramped through

the evening dusk, soared until they pinnacled about the time when he would be a man in years and Muriel Lourena and he would live in a splendid house; and he would run a show and candy shop and ice cream parlor combined. Say, that was some idea! It's a wonder someone hadn't had brains enough before now to think of that! James William squinted his eyes in appreciation of the fact that he had thought of it, and dug his hands deeper into his pockets, slightly stiffening his elbows and neck, thus giving him the appearance of a pompous-looking old man.

"Gee! It's sure gettin' cold," he soliloquized, then, having reached his destination, he turned and looked up and down the street. Being satisfied as to his solitude, he gave vent to a queer sound. A cross between a yowl and a whine it was, ending up in a wheezy screech. Wierd and unmusical; low but penetrating.

He then sat down on the porch steps and waited, groping in his pocket for the precious scrap of paper. A full minute passed and nothing happened.

"Mewrrrouwhe-whee-ee."

The door flew open and Muriel Lourena's mother stepped out on the porch.

"Land's sakes Jimmy, come on in. Did your mother send you over?"

In an agony of bashfulness James William tugged at his cap. Paw Schmuckle glanced up genially and bade the boy be seated.

"Well, Jim, looks like a big snow coming. Suppose you youngsters will be tickled! Get out your sleds and red mittens." His voice ended in an indistinct murmur as he was lost in his evening paper.

Mrs. Schmueckle looked thoughtfully at James William, sideling over to sit on the outer edge of a straight, rockerless chair.

"Have you a cold son? I thought I heard someone coughing pretty badly out there just now."

James William painfully crossed his feet, as he dumbly nodded.

"And out with no overshoes, too? Jimmie, I'm afraid your mam doesn't do much looking after you. Here, let me give you a dose of Muriel Lourena's cough medicine. Renie, Oh, Renie, come here! Here's a little playmate for you." Muriel Lorena stepped in back of her father and stood looking at James William with a broad grin on her face. "Lordy, what was there to laugh at? Just like a girl though."

A sickly smile overspread the pale, perspiring contenance of James William. Mrs. Schmueckle bustled out, then in again with a huge bottle in one hand and a tablespoon in the other. James William swallowed jerkily and Muriel Lourena's grin deepened. As Maw Schmueckle poured out a generous dose, Muriel Lourena made a gurgling noise, then coughed innocently enough.

"There's a good dozen doses in here yet, Jimmie, and you can—here open your mouth wider than that—take it home to your Mam—the directions she'll find on the outside, tell her."

"Why, that isn't bad. What are you making such a face for? Here, Renie, fetch Jimmie a piece of your stick candy Paw bought you!" With hand over wide-spread mouth Muriel Lorena left the room and soon returned with a paper sack in one hand which she extended toward James William with a polite, "Have some?"

The mouth of the sack was tightly twisted and James William had to

bring both hands into play as he fumbled to reach the contents. At last he extracted a piece of flagrantly red and white stripped stick candy and muttered his thanks. With a murmur James William reached for his cap and then shuffled toward the door, when good Mrs. Schmueckle thrust a newspaper wrapped package in his unwilling hands.

"And don't forget to take it every two hours, and tell your mom she owes me a visit. Tell her to bring you along, Jimmy. You and Renie would have a nice time together. Goodbye."

With a hoarse ejaculation James William, the lover, shot down the porch steps, not waiting for the door to close. Looking back he saw maw Schmueckle's beaming face framed in the lighted doorway and Lourena Muriel was standing demurely at her side.

Cautiously he rounded the corner and crossed the street. A little farther down he dashed the bottle against the frozen pavement and grinned exultantly as the thick, brown liquid darkened the paper and the thin layer of snow. Next went the candy. It was crushed 'neath the sturdy heels of his thick shoes—and then James William solemnly slouched homeward.

Thrusting his hands deep in his pockets he encountered a bit of wrinkled paper. Gingerly he pulled it out. Tenderly, sorrowfully he read it! And, man-like, angrily tore it into shreds. OLIVE SCHELL '18.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED

Aggie's fame
Burley's dame
Florence's name

Ina's books
Harry's good looks
All the cooks

Ruth's eyes
Wilbur's ties
Elda's guys

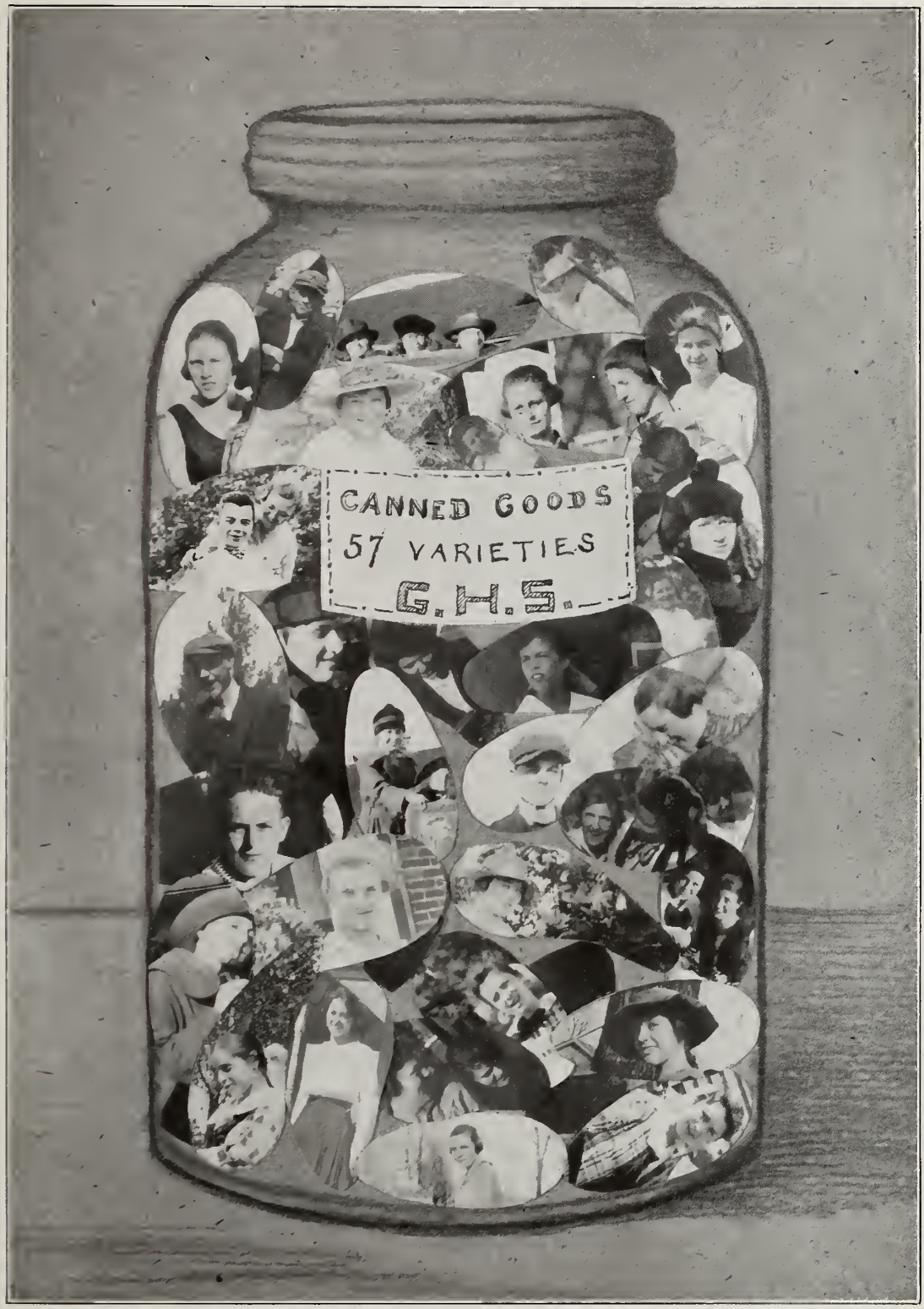
Norma's curls
Paul's girls
Mary's twirls

Kate's dance
Cecil's glance
Ralph's trance

Caroline's will
Lois's skill
Mose's thrill

Olive's pose
Maggie's beaux
Tibby's nose

?


CANNED GOODS
57 VARIETIES
G.H.S.

Life in the Rockies.

I wonder what that bunch of words mean. Let's see—Webster says that "life is energy." Energy is strength, and so life must be strength. Oh yes, onions are about the same as strength. While it is true that the strength of onions varies. The Alaskan onion has been found to possess the same degree of strength as its equivalent amount of life or energy. Hence life is found to compare very closely to an onion.

As we journey on and our stream of perception deepens we are dumbfounded by the little word "in." Well, it seems to me I've seen it before.

Now, I recall it. This word may be found at one end of a pin, mostly at the sticky end too. It may be found lurking at one end of most any pin. It is placed in public most frequently in a hat pin and it is here it does the most damage. It may also be seen on one of these folding pins called the "safety," but here it is entirely docile. Our safest conclusion to draw from the pin is that it is all right but not to be tampered with.

Next in our delusion comes the word "the." Now this word helps to make up theory. You all know what theory is. Some of the biggest liars of the day (or night, too) are held up as Gods for having stirred up a theory. However, the best class of people (especially the class of '18) will have nothing to do with these fakers. Since theory is all wrong, any part of it must be so too. Hence "the," a part of theory, is a thing associated with evil and must be dealt with accordingly.

"It is said, "all's well that ends well." Now let us examine the final of our mess. Rockies have a tendency to remind one of a baby cab experiences. Or it might remind some of the Rockie-Bye Baby songs and chants. However, one is compelled by nature to associate rocky with light springy infant trucks.

Now, let us sum up our life in the rockies and we have the following action. It is one of an onion being struck on a baby cart by means of a pin and it is of course an absolute falsehood. And as for the rest of it, just imagine yourself enjoying life in the Rockies and may be it won't be so bad after all.

PAUL HALLADAY '18.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS? ASKED THE SPHINX.

"Push," said the button.
"Never be lead," said the pencil.
"Take pains," said the window.
"Always keep cool," said the ice.
"Be up to date," said the calendar.
"Make light of everything," said the fire.
"Do a driving business," said the hammer.
"Climb steadily up," said the hill.
"Keep bright and don't mind the clouds," said the sun.
"Cultivate a calm exterior, but be ready for emergencies," said the innocent flower. "Even I always carry a pistil."

We will not buy your dry goods,
We won't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Trading at some other store.

You can't sell us any ribbons,
Four-in-hands and other fads,
We will never trade at your store,
But at those who gave us ads.

Lumber Will Not Be Cheaper

Here Is One Reason!

THE Government's immense powder plant to be erected near Nashville, Tenn., in a bend of the Cumberland River will require 250,000,000 feet of lumber. The plant will be the most extensive one in the world, and will occupy 5,000 acres. It is next to impossible for even a lumberman to visualize this quantity of lumber. In order that one may do so more clearly, we have reduced the number of feet to terms of car loads. It will require 12,500 large freight cars to transport it. If all these cars could be placed in one string, coupled together, they would reach from Greenville to Columbus, Ohio, and ten miles beyond.

The P. Kuntz & Wright Lumber Company

GREENVILLE, OHIO

Phone 302.

George—"Isn't Florence brilliant?"
Olive—"She ought to be, she never uses powder?"

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CHENEY SILKS	QUEEN QUALITY SHOES	ARROW SHIRTS	

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Victrolas

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Where you get good grades of Footwear at Reasonable Prices.

Carl Stubbs—"I wonder what kind of brakes an aeroplane has?"
Herbert H.—"Why, air brakes, of course."

Soldier Boy—"The fourth cylinder is missing."
Helen R.—"Beats all how those things get away."
Soldier—"Better put padlocks on them."

GUS McCABE AND HIS JITNEY.

"That man your machine knocked over says he has the number of your machine."
"What did he say it was, sixty-six?"
"Its ninety-nine. He was standing on his head when he saw it."

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A pony in Latin is worth two in the pasture.

Mr. Roehm (holding up a patent leather belt) "Did any of you girls lose a belt?"
Clyde Harp (Feeling at his belt) "Wait a minute."

The early bird gets the worm, but the late guy gets a tardy mark.

"If your tongue was frozen to a pump handle what would you do?"
"Holler for some one."
"No, you would have to talk through your nose."

Conductor—"Your fare miss."
Caroline Bryson—"Do you think so?"

Mr. Eber (In arranging a history folder said) "Has anyone here a clean back? I have'nt."

Soph.—"I do declare, you belong to the 17th of March."
Freshman—"Hump, I think the first of April most appropriate to you."

Miss Cowles—"Have you been measured for your wings yet?"
Veo L.—"I didn't know I was to have any."

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"CAN SUPPLY YOUR NEEDS"

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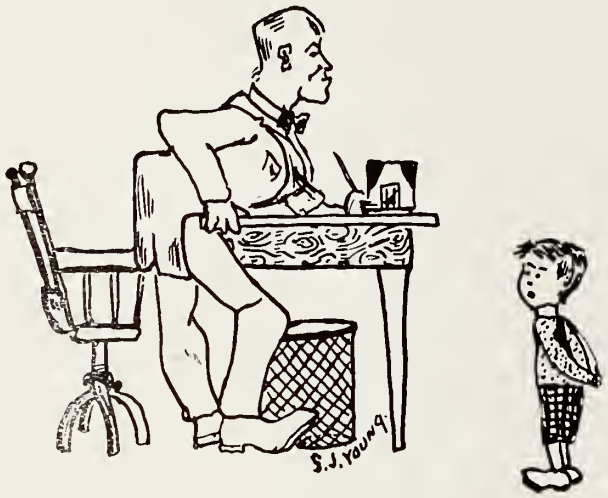

A FRESHMAN'S TRIALS.

Geo.--"I've had something on the tip of my tongue for a long time, dear."
Olive--"Why don't you see a doctor?"

Ruth Menke, seeing an advertisement for a dish washer at the Laurimore Restaurant. "Oh, I guess I will go and apply."
We all wonder why.

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Mr. Wheeler—"Name some public servants."

Ford—"Oh these fellows that go to Congress, clean streets, haul trash and teach school."

Sonny—"Say, Pop, what's French dressing?"

Papa—"Just go take a look at the woman who runs Paris fashion shop."

Norma Wilson translating in the Spanish class, hesitates on translating "Three months of Hell."

"Mrs. Patterson—"Homer, you translate that, Norma isn't used to those words."

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Mixed with good, clean gravel,
Make highways that stand.

Greenville Gravel Co.

Hordes of autos now remind us
We should build our roads to stay,
When departing leave behind us
Kind that rains don't wash away.

When our children pay the mortgage
Fathers made to haul their loads,
They'll not have to ask the question,
Here's the bonds, but where the roads?

MAKING HIS "LAB" REPORT.

Down in Chemistry Lab. we go,
To squirt at each other H_2O.

We put a little zn in a bottle
Plus some H_2SO_4
Then we light a match close by
And the bottle is no more.

Into a test tube we put
A little H Cl O_3
But when we put it near the fire
The stuff went on a spree.

When things begin to look serious
We drop everything we've got,
Then we survey the broken glass—
Another quarter is shot.

PAUL DOUGLASS '19.

JOHN H. BOLLINGER

Auto Liveryman

110 Martin St. Call 563-Red

FROST & SPENCE

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WHEN you want Plants or Cut Flowers for any occasion Telephone 171 and receive Prompt Service.

A Bishop was one day addressing a Sunday School, when he said in a most expressive way: "And now, children, let me tell you a very sad fact. In Africa there are 10,000,000 square miles of territory without a single Sunday School where little boys and girls can spend their Sunday. Now, what should we all try, and save up our money, and do?"

And the class as one voice replied, "Go to Africa."

Fred Place—"Why do they use the expression, 'Laughing up your coat sleeve?' "

Kemper W.—"I don't know, why?"

Fred—"Because, that's where your funny bone is."

Why is George Washington described as "First in war and first in peace?"

"I dunno, but I suspect somebody was trying to square him with both the preparedness people and the pacifists."

Ford—"Hey Freshie, have you bought your Annual yet?"

Disloyal Freshie—"No, I hain't goin' to neither 'til my class graduates."

Ford—"Oh, I forgot that it costs you fifty cents a week to buy bottles of milk."

Famous High School orator addressing the school on preparedness: "America is preparing; why even the flowers carry pistols."

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A FRESHMAN'S MONTHLY HARVEST.

Ungericht had just come from one of those heated debates in history and he approached Esther M. "Esther, do you believe in fate?"

Esther, with downward glances at Earl, said, "And sure I do if size has any thing to do with it."

Teacher—"Now you know that sight travels faster than sound."

Glen M.—"I think that's just the other way. One day I heard Mr. Metzger give the explanation of a problem and it was thirty minutes before I could see it."

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Misses Sebring & Slonaker

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Ebert—(English teacher) "Livingston, define Consecration."
Livingston—"It is a disease, sir!"

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LET US DEMONSTRATE

Sellman & Pitts

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WE clothe you with value as to style and quality. Value means your full money's worth in this store and we stand behind it with our guarantee of satisfaction.

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IS THE PLACE TO BUY

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The Peoples Savings Bank
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GREENVILLE, OHIO
Capital $100,000.00 Surplus $20,000.00
Collections and Savings
A General Banking Business

The Psychology of a Good Recitation.

Miss Brindley, talking about foot ball: "He was either full or half full," (meaning full back or half back).

Mr. Roehm—"Good morning, Agnes."
Miss Agnes—"Number, please?"

We have solved the problem why a woman's mind is purer than a man's. It is because she changes it so often.

A school paper is a great invention—
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money
And the staff gets all the blame.

Miss Brindley—"Do any of you have an idea where Banquo was to be killed?"
Harry Ward—"Yes, he was to be stabbed in the heart."

Mr. McCool—I guess we will have to have a draft."
Mr. Metzger—Are we to have an age limit?"
Miss Swisher (Under her breath) "Saved!"

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WHERE YOU GET QUALITY SHOE REPAIRING

SATISFYING FOOTWEAR
Different Styles For Different Tastes But Uniform Quality Always
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Physicians' Supplies
Agents for A. G. Spalding Bros.
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Where the Best can be had, why experiment with Others?
Bryson & Hostetter
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GREENVILLE, OHIO

Metzger—"The way the paper looks this morning it looks as if Russia was going to switch around and fight with the Germans."
Ford—"Gosh, won't that be great, now the Yankees can chase the Germans clear across Russia into the Pacific Ocean."

Ralph Ford—"Do you like fish ball?"
Freshie—I don't think I ever attended one."

Our High School course: Aspiration, anticipation, exception, mystification, hard occupation, examination, short vacation, pacification, gratification, four years dedication to our vocation, but at last salvation in graduation.

For Young Men
There Are No Better Clothes
in Style or Price

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We Appreciate Your Trade

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J. H. BYARD

Auto Supplies and Vulcanizing

RACINE TIRES GUARANTEED

Phone 290 111 W. Main St.

Ruth Swartz (who had just opened Mildred French's vanity bag.) What kind of powder do you use?"
Mildred—"Carnation."
Ruth—"Yes, Carnation Flour."

Martha M. to Ray Young in laboratory—"Be careful, Raymond, you are burning your hose."

A pupil in Biology is hesitating when called upon to recite.
Mr. Menke—"Well, George, if you can't express yourself then try parcel post."

'21—They say King Charles got rattled when he was sentenced to death"
'18—"Yes, the poor fellow lost his head."

A Ford is like a school room. A big "crank" up in front with a lot of "nuts all around."

Citizen—"Say, what makes everything so dark in that one room at Ward's this winter?"
Student—"I don't know unless it must be the spots on the son."

Mr. Sterret—"From what animal do we get perfume?"
Fred Place—"The skunk"

GRUEN

Verithin Watch

The most beautiful watch in America

"SO THIN IT FITS THE POCKET LIKE A SILVER DOLLAR"

Clean-cut and efficient in performance. The Gruen Verithin truly expresses the ideals and standards of this American man today. Let us show you The Gruen Verithin watch and why its thinness is in the movement,

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GROCERIES

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THINGS
THAT
ADVERTISE

You can always tell a Freshie by his green looks,
You can always tell a Soph by his stack of books,
You can always tell a Junior by his glum looks and such,
You can always tell a Senior, but you can't tell him much.

Bob Swartz (Hands a bouquet to Marie)
Marie—"What beautiful flowers; there is still a little dew on them."
Bob (Absent-mindedly)—"Yes, I know, but I'll pay that later."

George S., in history class, explaining the assassination of Lincoln—"Lincoln was shot in the balcony."

Laurimore—"Mr. Metzger, how do you spell plyers?"
Ford—"Put down pinchers."

Mr. Roehm, in assembly—"Roof here?"
H. Butt in the back of the room—"Ouch, here he is sitting in the seat back of me."

Ward—"Yes, I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years, and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?"
Kate—"That dead men tell no tales."

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Entrance salaries $1,100 a year, raised to $1,200 in six weeks

Our special training of Seven Months prepares you. No private work. Classes organized especially for this work, June 3 and September 2, 1918.

Get into the $1,200 a year class while the "getting in" is good.

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and GOODYEAR TIRES

203-205 Martin St. GREENVILLE. O.

As George was going out one night,
His mother questioned, "wither?"
And George, not wishing to deceive,
With blushes answered, "with her."

Dear Josh Editor:

I am nothing but a little Freshman and I try to write jokes, but they are never funny or humorous. What can I do to make them appear funny and make people laugh?

HUMOROUS LLOYD WEISENBARGER.

Dear Lloyd:

I would advise you to try and associate with some of the Seniors who think they are so humorous. For instance, Walter Gilbert or Ralph Ford.

JOSH EDITOR.

Manetta A.—"I think that we ought to charge one dollar and a half for our reception."

Mr. Roehm—"Aren't you a little dear?"

Manetta—"That's what the boys all say."

The Greenville Electric Light & Power Co.

EXTENDS TO THE

SENIOR CLASS OF '18

of the Greenville High School its congratulations and wishes its members success in every undertaking.

FOUTS' EMPORIUM

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Correct Millinery

GREENVILLE, OHIO

Auto Inn

Radiator Repairing

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Phone 563-Red 110 Martin St.

Stanley Y—"Did it ever occur to you that your brain was 4-5 water?"
Mr. Roehm—"No, how do you get that?"
Stanley—"I reasoned it out this way :4-5 brain is r-a-i-n, and rain is water, therefore your brain is 4-5 water."

Ralph Vance—"You seem mighty proud since giving 25c to Y. M. C. A."
Bob Swartz—"Yessah, talk about doing your bit, I've done my two bits."

G. Bowman—In addressing Junior class: "We will have to rent China for the Junior-Senior reception,"

Minister—"My mission on earth is to save young men."
Florence B—"I wish he'd save me one."

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HOOD TIRES

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5000 Miles to 7500 Miles
A Tire of Quality

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VULCANIZING

Auto Tires and Tubes
Rubber Boots and Shoes
or any kind of rubber goods

604 Broadway

Elizabeth Brown giving a talk on Grecian history: "I have forgotten the name of the town, but it begins with H."

Mr. Wheeler: "Hardly as bad as that."

Real Civics: "Mr. Man goes home and announces that he is going down town after supper to meet a friend. That's the initiative. The wife of the house says, 'Are you?' in that ascending voice which seems to walk over the roof of her nerves. That's the referendum. Then Mr. Man sits down and reads his paper. That's the recall. And that's all there is to it. Understand it now, don't you? Just as easy and simple as two and two makes four."

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business college. Of course the main theme of his address was himself.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student who asked earnestly:

"Yes, sir; but please tell us, how are we going to find the right people to pluck?"

Why does "The Chief" resemble a girl?

Because every fellow should have one of his own and not borrow the other fellow's.

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Soy Bean Bread
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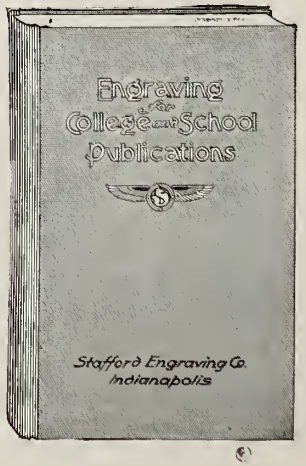

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426 Broadway *YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED* *Phone 288*

Miss Kidwell(reprimanding Harry Haworth for chewing gum) "Harry I think you could recite better if you would not chew gum. It makes one tired to watch you."
Harry—"Why, Miss Kidwell, do you want some?"

Mr. Sterrett—"I think about the only use of the Greenville City Park is as a lover's lane."
Bessie B.—"How do you know?"
Sterret—"I've been there many times myself."

"I'm not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, can substract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I take interest from his work, and I discount his chances of success."

Mr. Roehm—"Stanley, you leave Agnes alone."
Agnes A.—"Oh, shoot!"

She—"I think Larry Maher is such an attractive fellow."
He—"Yes, he is a human Mag nut."

Business Manager—"Well, how many orders did you get yesterday?"
Assistant—"I got two orders in one place."
Business Manager—"That's the stuff, what were they?"
Assistant—"One was to get out and the other was to stay out."

Vance's Grocery Stores

The Home of the Best Brands

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KRUG'S BREAD
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The Henry St. Clair Co.

Wholesale Grocers

Nos. 106-108-110 W. Main St. *Greenville, Ohio*

Father—"What are you coming home with your milk pail empty for? Didn't the old cow give you anything?"
Homer—"Yes, nine quarts and one kick."

"The other day I was taking a walk, and by my surprise I came to a river."
"What did you do?"
"I sat down and thought it over."

Mother—"Helen, are you saving anything for a rainy day?"
Helen—"Yes, mother, I never wear my silk stockings around the house"

Miss Brindley—(taking the roll) "Is James ill?"
Mary Vance—"I don't think so, at least he wasn't Sunday."
Miss Brindley—"Sunday night?"

Florence Rimer and Paul Douglass talking in Biology class.
Mr. Edberts—"Having a nice chat back there? Better leave it for the parlor tonight."

Miss Swisher asks in English class—"What is the meaning of coherence and adherence?"
Giles W.—"Coherence means sticking together."
Gertrude M.—"Adherence means sticking apart."

Kolp's Select Academy of Dancing

THE MOOSE HALL

Correct and Refined Dancing

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You are cordially invited to become one of our pupils

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W. H. SCHINKE, Jeweler

Jacob Menke

TAILOR for Ladies and Men

311-313 BROADWAY

Metzger (Delivering a lecture on how we should act) "It is my duty as a nation," etc.

Metzger—"Who comes from below?"
H. Ward—"I don't know, I haven't been there."

Miss Kidwell—"What are leaves good for?"
Katzenberger—"To shade the trees, I guess."

Student—"Mr. Metzger, does O. K. mean all right?"
Mr. Metzger—"Yes."
Student—"Well, what does K. O. mean in this book?"
Mr. Metzger—"It means "Kicked Out."

Florence Byrd—"Oh, Aggie, did you ever see a rotten date?"
Aggie A.—(Sarcastically) "Yes, and I've had'em too."

"Why Walter, you don't use slang, do you?"
"No, I don't use it, but I know all the words."

Mr. Sterrett to sixth period geometry class: "I believe if they would use up some of these block heads there wouldn't be a shortage of coal."

A. N. Wilson & Sons

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Patterns

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"There must be some mistake in my examination markings" complained a student, "I don't think I deserve to be marked zero."
"I don't think so either" agreed the teacher, "but it is the lowest mark that I can give you."

"Swartz got well posted in football this year."
"Is that so?"
"Sure, it put him on crutches."

Miss Kidwell (English) "Mr. Garley went fishing and the result was that he caught a trout."
Forest Winters—"Pardon me, Miss Kidwell, but Mr. Patterson went fishing and caught a Trout."

Mr. Metzger—"John O., what is the unit of power?"
John (starting up half asleep) "what (watt) sir?"
Mr. Metzger—"Quite right."

Steinmetz, The Tailor **440 Broadway**

PHONE 620

The Citizens' Loan and Savings Association

112 W. Fourth St. (Second Floor)

Any Amount Received Any Time
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A GOOD PLACE TO PLACE YOUR LOAN

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Ask Your Grocer For

Sa-Ma-En Products

WESTERFIELD BROTHERS
Distributors

MOSE

Psychology teaches that women are the hardest of all problems to understand. The reason of this is that you can not read their thoughts by their faces. They have so much powder on them.

No word was spoken when they met
By either—sad or gay
But one badly smitten was,
'Twas mentioned the next day.
They met by chance this autumn eve
With neither glance nor bow,
They often come together, so
A freight train and a cow.

Mr. Metzger says you don't need to get it exactly 45, that 44.999999 will do very nicely.

If the world is a stage then the Kaiser is one of the hunks that's tearing up the scenery.

A Senior is a person who is graduating from something he knows nothing about into something he knows less about.

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OFFICERS

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GREENVILLE'S LEADING HOSTELRY

Daisy Flour & Feed Store
M. G. DEMOREST, Proprietor
Flour, Feed, Hay, Straw, Chicken Feed and Hess' Stock Food.
125 East Third St. Phone 169
GREENVILLE, OHIO

Thermometers are the only things that are graduated and get degrees without brains.

Miss Caldwell, looking through Mary Wade's ledger: "Mary, where are the dates in this column?"
Mary—"Oh, that's when I didn't have a date for a long time."

Miss Winger—"Lloyd, please quit acting like a monkey and act like a boy this period."
Result—Quiet.

Mr. Metzger (in chemistry) "William, what is water glass?"
William—"Some kind of a drinking cup."

Your new suit for spring and summer will be smart and full of individuality if you buy here. We have all the woolens and styles of the moment, we are able to supply every requirement. We back up our recognition of special fashions and fabrics with a very large display from

Fashion Park Tailors and the shops of **Griffon Ultra Clothes**

All suits altered and made to fit you perfectly in our own tailor shop.

MONG CLOTHING CO.

Prices That Please
Pictures That Please

Garver's

117 MARTIN ST.

Frank D. Meeker

Real Estate and Loans

GREENVILLE, OHIO

Coal Hauler—"Say, who started that collection of stuffed birds down on West Water Street?"
Neighbor—"I don't know what your talking about"
Coal Hauler—"I saw a stuffed pelican sitting in a window down there."
Neighbor—"Oh, that's not a pelican, that's Glen Mathews, he's got the mumps."

Mrs. Patterson—"Be still, Forest, he is trying to talk."
Forest Winters—"Can't he talk yet?"

Prof.—"A fool can ask more questions than a bright man can answer."
Student—"No wonder so many of us flunk in exams."

BOOKER & ROESER

Cash Grocers

Fancy Fruits,
Vegetables and
Staple Goods

GIVE US A CALL

Cor. Third and Broadway

PHONE 74

Buchy & Gross

Cash Grocery and Meat Market

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Phone 218

AUTO DELIVERY

When buying Feeds, Seeds, Fertilizers and Coal it will pay you to investigate our goods. We stand at the head of the class of *Quality, Service and Low Price.*

CALL PHONE 57 AND WE'LL PROVE THE STATEMENT

Yours For Business

WENRICK & MOTE

Sugar M.—"Pardon me miss—er—but am I crowding you?"

Sophia—"What are you giving up for Lent?"
"Tibby" Kemble—"Marline."

Helen Miller—"Do you know what public office Margaret Markwith is running for now?"
Gertrude M.—"No, what?"
Helen Miller—"Maher" (Mayor).

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CEMENT, LIME AND PLASTERING

Interior Finish and High Grade Mill Work.

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HOME PHONE
156

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THOS. E. WILSON & CO.
Guaranteed Sporting Goods and All the Latest Sheet Music
WILSON BROS.
404 Broadway

WAR TIME RECIPE

Take a piece of white paper and a lead pencil, and draw from memory the outline of a hen. Then carefully remove the feathers. Pour one gallon of boiling water into a sauce pan and sprinkle a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blonde appearance, stir it with a lead pencil, which will make it more of a brunette. Let it boil two hours, then coax the hen away from the sauce pan and serve the soup hot.

Mr. Metzger (in chemistry) "Esther, give me the formula for soap."
Esther Stonerock—"What kind of soap?"

Mr. Sterrett—"As a fish has no eyelids, there isn't much danger of one fish winking at another."

HENRY F. WIEBUSCH
FOR ALL KINDS OF
ROOFING
Tile, Slate, Metal, Sky-Light, Spouting
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City Bakery

FOR

Good Bread, Pies and Cakes of All Kinds

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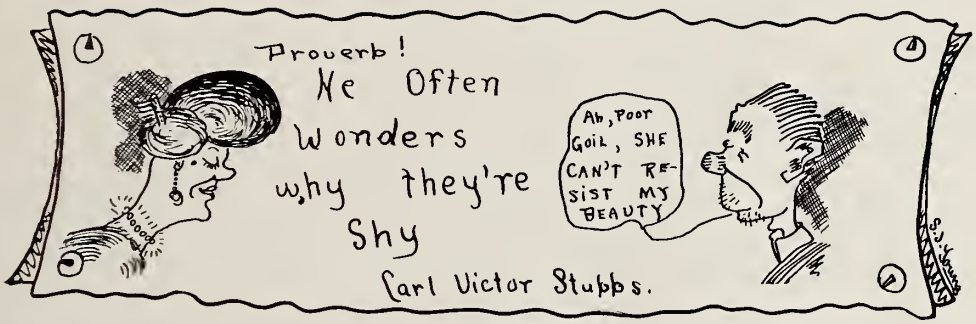

Why is Stanley Young's hat like our High School?
Because it nearly covers a block.

The Second National Bank

Capital and Surplus $225,000.00

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We have over $63,000,000 worth of Insurance in force

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Old Dame: "Ten pence a pound for candles. That's very dear, ain't it?"
Grocer—"Yes, but you see they are dearer now on account of the war."
Old Dame—(in surprise) "Lor' a massy, you don't say so. An' be they a fightin' by candle light now?"

Marie Pearce, entering the school building on a bright sunny day and upon missing her glasses exclaimed, "Why 'Peg' McClellan, you look black"
"Peg" McClellan—"Why I am to a certain extent."

Olive Pearce—"I have all the Seniors' names down now except two, that I can't think of——."
Kate W.—"Well, whom have you forgotten?"

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Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men and Men Who Stay Young

The Kind of Clothes KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

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ENGLISH IN ADVERTISING

The following examples of how to write English are gleaned from advertisements:

For Sale, $5 Suits; they won't last long.
Bathing suits reduced to almost nothing.
Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come inside.
For Rent—A room suitable for a gentleman, 12x15 feet.
Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters that can ride a bicycle.
Shirts laundered in the rear.
Wanted—Ten girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor.
Shoes half-soled on the inside while you wait for 25 cents.
Your baby, if you have one, can be enlarged, tinted and framed for $8.79.

Farmers National Bank

CAPITAL $260,000

CONRAD KIPP, President and Director
GEO. W. SIGAFOOS, Cashier
JOSEPH MENKE, Asst. Cashier and Director
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ON THE SAME CORNER
TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS

What Does That Mean?

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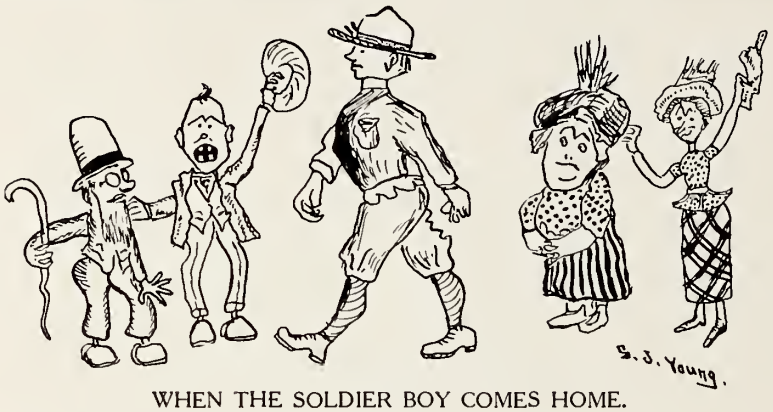

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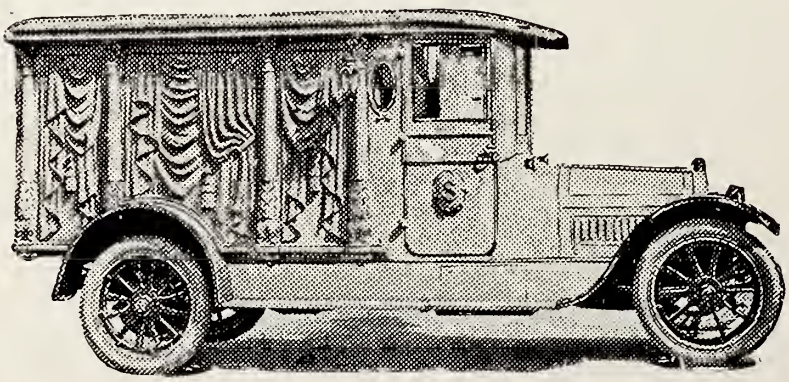

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